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NARRATIVE

OF

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES,

&c.

VOL. II.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

MONSIEUR VIOLET,

IN

CALIFORNIA, SONORA, & WESTERN TEXAS.

WRITTEN BY

CAPT. MARRYAT, C.B.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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NARRATIVE

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&c.

CHAPTER I.

As circumstances, which I have yet to relate, have prevented my return to the Shoshones, and I shall have no more to say of their movements in these pages, I would fain pay them a just tribute before I continue my narrative. I wish the reader to perceive how much higher the Western Indians are in the scale of humanity than the tribes of the East, so well described by Cooper and other Ame-

rican writers. There is a chivalrous spirit in these rangers of the western prairies not to be exceeded in history or modern times.

The four tribes of Shoshones, Arrapahoes, Comanches, and Apaches never attempt, like the Dahcotah and Algonquin, and other tribes of the East, to surprise an enemy; they take his scalp, it is true, but they take it in the broad day; neither will they ever murder the squaws, children, and old men, who may be left unprotected when the war-parties are out. In fact, they are honourable and noble foes, sincere and trustworthy friends. In many points they have the uses of ancient chivalry among them, so much so as to induce me to surmise that they may have brought them over with them when they first took possession of the territory.

Every warrior has his nephew, who is selected as his page; he performs the duty of a squire, in ancient knight errantry, takes charge of his horse, arms, and accoutrements; and he

remains in this office until he is old enough to gain his own spurs. Hawking is also a favourite amusement, and the chiefs ride out with the falcon, or small eagle, on their wrist or shoulder.

Even in their warfare, you often may imagine that you were among the knights of ancient days. An Arrapahoe and a Shoshone warrior armed with a buckler and their long lances, will single out and challenge each other; they run a tilt, and as each has warded off the blow, and passed unhurt, they will courteously turn back and salute each other, as an acknowledgment of their enemy's bravery and skill. When these challenges take place, or indeed in any single combat without challenge, none of these Indians will take advantage of possessing a superior weapon. If one has a rifle and knows that his opponent has not, he will throw his rifle down, and only use the same weapon as his adversary.

I will now relate some few traits of character which will prove the nobility of these Indians.*

Every year, during the season dedicated to the performing of the religious ceremonies, premiums are given by the holy men and elders of the tribe to those among the young men who have the most distinguished themselves. The best warrior receives a feather of the black eagle; the most successful hunter obtains a robe of buffalo-skin, painted inside, and representing some of his most daring exploits; the most virtuous has for his share a coronet made either of gold or silver; and these premiums are suspended in their wigwams, as marks of honour, and handed down to their

* There is every prospect of these north-western tribes remaining in their present primitive state, indeed of their gradual improvement, for nothing can induce them to touch spirits. They know that the eastern Indians have been debased and conquered by the use of them, and consider an offer of a dram from an American trader as an indirect attempt upon their life and honour.

posterity. In fact, they become a kind of *écusson*, which ennobles a family.

Once during the distribution of these much-coveted prizes, a young man of twenty-two was called by the chiefs to receive the premium of virtue. The Indian advanced towards his chiefs, when an elder of the tribe rising, addressed the whole audience. He pointed the young man out, as one whose example should be followed, and recorded, among many other praiseworthy actions, that three squaws, with many children, having been reduced to misery by the death of their husbands in the last war against the Crows, this young man, although the deceased were the greatest foes of his family, undertook to provide for their widows and children till the boys, grown up, would be able to provide for themselves and their mothers. Since that time, he had given them the produce of his chase, reserving to himself nothing but what was strictly necessary to sustain the wants of nature. This was a noble

and virtuous act, one that pleased the Manitou. It was an example which all the Shoshones should follow.

The young man bowed, and as the venerable chief was stooping to put the coronet upon his head, he started back and, to the astonishment of all, refused the premium.

"Chiefs, warriors, elders of the Shoshones, pardon me! You know the good which I have done, but you know not in what I have erred. My first feeling was to receive the coronet, and conceal what wrong I had done; but a voice within my heart forbids my taking what others have perchance better deserved.

"Hear me, Shoshones! the truth must be told; hear my shame! One day, I was hungry; it was in the great prairies. I had killed no game, and I was afraid to return among our young men with empty hands. I remained four days hunting, and still I saw neither buffaloes nor bears. At last, I perceived the tent of an Arrapahoe. I went in;

there was no one there, and it was full of well-cured meat. I had not eaten for five days; I was hungry, and I became a thief. I took away a large piece, and ran away like a cowardly wolf. I have said: the prize cannot be mine."

A murmur ran through the assembly, and the chiefs, holy men, and elders consulted together. At last, the ancient chief advanced once more towards the young man, and took his two hands between his own. "My son," he said, "good, noble, and brave; thy acknowledgment of thy fault and self-denial in such a moment make thee as pure as a good spirit in the eyes of the great Manitou. Evil, when confessed and repented of, is forgotten; bend thy head, my son, and let me crown thee. The premium is twice deserved and twice due."

A Shoshone warrior possessed a beautiful mare; no horse in the prairie could outspeed her, and in the buffalo or bear hunt she would enjoy the sport as much as her master, and

run alongside the huge beast with great courage and spirit. Many propositions were made to the warrior to sell or exchange the animal, but he would not hear of it. The dumb brute was his friend, his sole companion; they had both shared the dangers of battle and the privations of prairie travelling; why should he part with her? The fame of that mare extended so far, that in a trip he made to San Francisco, several Mexicans offered him large sums of money; nothing, however, could shake him in his resolution. In those countries, though horses will often be purchased at the low price of one dollar, it often happens that a steed, well known as a good hunter or a rapid pacer, will bring sums equal to those paid in England for a fine race-horse.

One of the Mexicans, a wild young man, resolved to obtain the mare, whether or no. One evening, when the Indian was returning from some neighbouring plantation, the Mexican laid down in some bushes at a short dis-

tance from the road, and moaned as if in the greatest pain. The good and kind-hearted Indian having reached the spot, heard his cries of distress, dismounted from his mare, and offered any assistance: it was nearly dark, and although he knew the sufferer to be a Pale-face, yet he could not distinguish his features. The Mexican begged for a drop of water, and the Indian dashed into a neighbouring thicket, to procure it for him. As soon as the Indian was sufficiently distant, the Mexican vaulted upon the mare, and apostrophed the Indian:—

"You fool of a Red-skin, not cunning enough for a Mexican: you refused my gold; now I have the mare for nothing, and I will make the trappers laugh when I tell them how easily I have outwitted a Shoshone."

The Indian looked at the Mexican for a few moments in silence, for his heart was big, and the shameful treachery wounded him to the very core. At last, he spoke:—

"Pale-face," said he, "for the sake of others, I may not kill thee. Keep the mare, since thou art dishonest enough to steal the only property of a poor man; keep her, but never say a word how thou camest by her, lest hereafter a Shoshone, having learned distrust, should not hearken to the voice of grief and woe. Away, away with her! let me never see her again, or in an evil hour the desire of vengeance may make a bad man of me."

The Mexican was wild, inconsiderate, and not over-scrupulous, but not without feeling: he dismounted from the horse, and putting the bridle into the hand of the Shoshone, "Brother," said he, "I have done wrong, pardon me! from an Indian I learn virtue, and for the future, when I would commit any deed of injustice, I will think of thee."

Two Apaches loved the same girl; one was a great chief, the other a young warrior, who had entered the war-path but a short time. Of course, the parents of the young girl re-

jected the warrior's suit, as soon as the chief proposed himself. Time passed, and the young man, broken-hearted, left all the martial exercises, in which he had excelled. He sought solitude, starting early in the morning from the wigwam, and returning but late in the night, when the fires were out. The very day on which he was to lead the young girl to his lodge, the chief went bear-hunting among the hills of the neighbourhood. Meeting with a grizzly bear, he fired at him; but at the moment he pulled the trigger his foot slipped, and he fell down, only wounding the fierce animal, which now, smarting and infuriated with pain, rushed upon him.

The chief had been hurt in his fall, he was incapable of defence, and knew that he was lost; he shut his eyes, and waited for his death-blow, when the report of a rifle, and the springing of the bear in the agonies of death, made him once more open his eyes; he started upon his feet, there lay the huge monster, and near

him stood the young warrior who had thus timely rescued him.

The chief recognized his rival, and his gratitude overpowering all other feelings, he took the warrior by the hand and grasped it firmly :—

" Brother," he said, " thou hast saved my life at a time when it was sweet, more so than usual ; let us be brothers."

The young man's breast heaved with contending passions, but he, too, was a noble fellow.

" Chief," answered he, " when I saw the bear rushing upon thee, I thought it was the Manitou who had taken compassion on my sufferings, my heart for an instant felt light and happy ; but as death was near thee, very near, the Good Spirit whispered his wishes, and I have saved thee for happiness. It is I who must die ! I am nothing, have no friends, no one to care for me, to love me, to make pleasant in the lodge the dull hours of night. Chief, farewell !"

He was going, but the chief grasped him firmly by the arm :—

" Where dost thou wish to go ? Dost thou know the love of a brother ? Didst thou ever dream of one ? I have said we must be brothers to each other ; come to the wigwam."

They returned to the village in silence, and when they arrived before the door of the council lodge, the chief summoned everybody to hear what he had to communicate, and ordered the parents to bring the young girl.

" Flower of the magnolia," said he, taking her by the hand, " wilt thou love me less as a brother than as a husband ? speak ! Whisper thy thought to me ! Didst thou ever dream of another voice than mine, a younger one, breathing of love and despair ?"

Then leading the girl to where the young warrior stood—

" Brother," said he, " take thy wife and my sister."

Turning towards the elders, the chief ex-

tended his right arm so as to invite general attention.

" I have called you," said he, " that an act of justice may be performed; hear my words:—

" A young antelope loved a lily, standing under the shade of a sycamore, by the side of a cool stream. Daily he came to watch it as it grew whiter and more beautiful; he loved it very much, till one day a large bull came and picked up the lily. Was it good? No! The poor antelope fled towards the mountains, never wishing to return any more under the cool shade of the sycamore. One day he met the bull down, and about to be killed by a big bear. He saved him; he heard only the whisper of his heart; he saved the bull, although the bull had taken away the pretty lily from where it stood, by the cool stream. It was good, it was well! The bull said to the antelope, 'We shall be brothers, in joy and in sorrow!' and the antelope said, there could be no joy for him since the lily was gone. The bull

considered; he thought that a brother ought to make great sacrifices for a brother, and he said to the antelope: 'Behold! there is the lily, take it before it droops away, wear it in thy bosom and be happy.' Chiefs, sages, and warriors! I am the bull; behold! my brother the antelope. I have given unto him the flower of the magnolia; she is the lily that grew by the side of the stream, and under the sycamore. I have done well, I have done much, yet not enough for a great chief, not enough for a brother, not enough for justice! Sages, warriors, hear me all; the flower of the magnolia can lie but upon the bosom of a chief. My brother must become a chief, he is a chief, for I divide with him the power I possess: my wealth, my lodge, are his own; my horses, my mules, my furs, and all! A chief has but one life, and it is a great gift that cannot be paid too highly. You have heard my words: I have said!"

This sounds very much like a romance, but it is an Apache story, related of one of their great chiefs, during one of their evening encampments.

An Apache having, in a moment of passion, accidentally killed one of the tribe, hastened to the chiefs to deliver himself up to justice. On his way he was met by the brother of his victim, upon whom, according to Indian laws, fell the duty of revenge and retaliation : they were friends and shook hands together.

"Yet I must kill thee, friend," said the brother.

"Thou wilt !" answered the murderer; "it is thy duty, but wilt thou not remember the dangers we have passed together, and provide and console those I leave behind in my lodge ?"

"I will," answered the brother; "thy wife shall be my sister during her widowhood, thy children will never want game, until they can themselves strike the bounding deer."

The two Indians continued their way in silence, till all at once the brother of the murdered one stopped.

"We shall soon reach the chiefs," said he, "I to revenge a brother's death, thou to quit for ever thy tribe and thy children. Hast thou a wish? think, whisper!"

The murderer stood irresolute, his glance furtively took the direction of his lodge. The brother continued:—

"Go to thy lodge. I shall wait for thee till the setting of the sun, before the council door. Go! thy tongue is silent; but I know the wish of thy heart. Go!"

Such traits are common in Indian life. Distrust exists not among the children of the wilderness, until generated by the conduct of white men. These stories and thousand others, all exemplifying the triumph of virtue and honour over baseness and vice, are every day narrated by the elders, in presence of the young men and children. The evening en-

campment is a great school of morals, where the Red-skin philosopher embodies in his tales the sacred precepts of virtue. A traveller, could he understand what was said, as he viewed the scene, might fancy some of the sages of ancient Greece inculcating to their disciples those precepts of wisdom which have transmitted their name down to us bright and glorious, through more than twenty centuries.

I have stated that the holy men among the Indians, that is to say, the keepers of the sacred lodges, keep the records of the great deeds performed in the tribe; but a tribe will generally boast more of the great virtues of one of its men than of the daring of its bravest warriors. "A virtuous man," they say, "has the ear of the Manitou, he can tell him the sufferings of Indian nature, and ask him to soothe them."

Even the Mexicans, who, of all men, have had most to suffer, and suffer daily from

the Apaches,* cannot but do them the justice they so well deserve. The road betwixt Chihuahua and Santa Fé is almost entirely deserted, so much are the Apaches dreaded; yet they are not hated by the Mexicans half as much as the Texians or the Americans. The Apaches are constantly at war with the Mexicans, it is true, but never have they committed any of those cowardly atrocities which have disgraced every page of Texian history. With the Apaches there are no murders in cold blood, no abuse of the prisoners; a captive knows that he will either suffer death or be adopted in the tribe; but he has never to fear the slow fire and the excruciating torture so generally employed by the Indians in the United States' territories.

Their generosity is unbounded, and by the treatment I received at their hands the reader may form an idea of that brave people. They

* What I here say of the Apaches applies to the whole Shoshone race.

will never hurt a stranger coming to them: a green bough in his hand is a token of peace; for him they will spread the best blankets the wigwam can afford, they will studiously attend to his wants, smoke with him the calumet of peace, and when he goes away, whatever he may desire from among the disposable wealth of the tribe, if he asks for it, it is given!

Gabriel was once attacked near Santa Fé, and robbed of his baggage by some *honest* Yankee traders. He fell in with a party of Apaches, to whom he related the circumstance. They gave him some blankets and left him with their young men at the hunting-lodges they had erected. The next day they returned with several Yankee captives, all well tied, to prevent any possibility of escape. These were the thieves, and what they had taken of Gabriel was of course restored to him. One of the Indians saying, that the Yankees, having blackened and soiled the country by theft, should receive the punishment of dogs, and

as it was beneath an Apache to strike them, cords were given to them, with orders that they should chastise each other for their rascality. The blackguards were obliged to submit, and the dread of being scalped was too strong upon them to allow them to refuse. At first, they did not seem to hurt each other much; but one or two of them, smarting under the lash, returned the blows in good earnest, and then they all got angry and beat each other so unmercifully that, in a few minutes, they were scarcely able to move. Nothing could exceed the ludicrous picture which Gabriel would draw out of this little event.

There is one circumstance which will form a particular datum in the history of the western wild tribes: I mean the terrible visitation of the small-pox. The Apaches, Comanches, the Shoshones, and Arrapahoes are so clean and so very nice in the arrangement of their domestic comforts, that they suffered very little, or not at all; at least, I do not remember

a single case which brought death in these tribes; indeed, as I have before mentioned, the Shoshones vaccinate.

But such was not the case with the Club Indians of the Colorado of the West, with the Crows, the Flat-heads, the Umbiquas, and the Black-feet. These last suffered a great deal more than any people in the world ever suffered from any plague or pestilence. To be sure, the Mandans had been entirely swept from the surface of the earth; but they were few, while the Black-feet were undoubtedly the most numerous and powerful tribe in the neighbourhood of the mountains. Their war-parties ranged the country from the northern English posts on the Slave Lake down south to the very borders of the Shoshones, and many among them had taken scalps of the Osages, near the Mississippi, and even of the Great Pawnees. Between the Red River and the Platte they had once one hundred villages, thousands and thousands of

horses. They numbered more than six thousand warriors. Their name had become a by-word of terror on the northern continent, from shore to shore, and little children in the eastern states, who knew not the name of the tribes two miles from their dwellings, had learned to dread even the name of a Black-foot. Now the tribe has been reduced to comparative insignificancy by this dreadful scourge. They died by thousands; whole towns and villages were destroyed; and even now the trapper, coming from the mountains, will often come across numberless lodges in ruins, and the blanched skeletons of uncounted and unburied Indians. They lost ten thousand individuals in less than three weeks.

Many tribes but little known suffered pretty much in the same ratio. The Club Indians, I have mentioned, numbering four thousand before the pestilence, are now reduced to thirty or forty individuals, and some Apaches related to me that, happening at that time to travel along

the shores of the Colorado, they met the poor fellows dying by hundreds on the very edge of the water, where they had dragged themselves to quench their burning thirst, there not being among them one healthy or strong enough to help and succour the others. The Navahoes, living in the neighbourhood of the Club Indians, have entirely disappeared; and, though late travellers have mentioned them in their works, there is not one of them living now.

Mr. Farnham mentions them in his "Tour on the Mountains;" but he must have been mistaken, confounding one tribe with another, or perhaps deceived by the ignorance of the trappers; for that tribe occupied a range of country entirely out of his track, and never travelled by American traders or trappers. Mr. Farnham could not have been in their neighbourhood by at least six hundred miles.

The villages formerly occupied by the Navahoes are deserted, though many of their lodges still stand; but they serve only to shelter nu-

merous tribes of dogs, which, having increased wonderfully since there has been no one to kill and eat them, have become the lords of vast districts, where they hunt in packs. So numerous and so fierce have they grown, that the neighbouring tribes feel great unwillingness to extend their range to where they may fall in with these canine hunters.

This disease, which has spread north as far as the Ohakallagans, on the borders of the Pacific Ocean, north of Fort Vancouver, has also extended its ravages to the western declivity of the Arrahuac, down to 30° north lat., where fifty nations that had a name are now forgotten, the traveller, perchance, only reminded that they existed when he falls in with heaps of unburied bones.

How the Black-feet caught the infection it is difficult to say, as their immediate neighbours in the east escaped; but the sites of their villages were well calculated to render the disease more general and terrible: their settle-

ments being generally built in some recess, deep in the heart of the mountains, or in valleys surrounded by lofty hills, which prevent all circulation of the air; and it is easy to understand that the atmosphere, once becoming impregnated with the effluvia, and having no issue, must have been deadly.

On the contrary, the Shoshones, the Apaches, and the Arrapahoes, have the generality of their villages built along the shores of deep and broad rivers. Inhabiting a warm clime, cleanness, first a necessity, has become a second nature. The hides and skins are never dried in the immediate vicinity of their lodges, but at a great distance, where the effluvia can hurt no one. The interior of their lodges is dry, and always covered with a coat of hard white clay, a good precaution against insects and reptiles, the contrast of colour immediately betraying their presence. Besides which, having always a plentiful supply of food, they are temperate in their habits, and are never guilty of excess;

while the Crows, Black-feet, and Clubs, having often to suffer hunger for days, nay, weeks together, will, when they have an opportunity, eat to repletion, and their stomachs being always in a disordered state (the principal and physical cause of their fierceness and ferocity), it is no wonder that they fell victims, with such predispositions to disease.

It will require many generations to recover the number of Indians which perished in that year; and, as I have said, as long as they live, it will form an epoch or era to which they will for centuries refer.

CHAPTER II.

In the last chapter but one, I stated that I and my companions, Gabriel and Roche, had been delivered up to the Mexican agents, and were journeying, under an escort of thirty men, to the Mexican capital, to be hanged as an example to all liberators. This escort was commanded by two most atrocious villains, Joachem Texada and Louis Ortiz. They evidently anticipated that they would become great men in the republic, upon the safe delivery of our persons to the Mexican government, and every day took good care to remind us that the gibbet was to be our fate on our arrival.

Our route lay across the central deserts of Senora, until we arrived on the banks of the Rio Grande; and so afraid were they of falling in with a hostile party of Apaches, that they took long turns out of the general track, and through mountainous passes, by which we not only suffered greatly from fatigue, but were very often threatened with starvation.

It was sixty-three days before we crossed the Rio Grande at Christobal, and we had still a long journey before us. This delay, occasioned by the timidity of our guards, proved our salvation. We had been but one day on our march in the swamp after leaving Christobal, when the war-whoop pierced our ears, and a moment afterwards our party was surrounded by some hundred Apaches, who saluted us with a shower of arrows.

Our Mexican guards threw themselves down on the ground, and cried for mercy, offering ransom. I answered the war-whoop of the Apaches, representing my companions and

myself as their friends, and requesting their help and protection, which were immediately given. We were once more unbound and free.

I hardly need say that this was a most agreeable change in the state of affairs; for I have no doubt that, had we arrived at our destination, we should either have been gibbeted or died (somehow or another) in prison. But if the change was satisfactory to us, it was not so to Joachem Texada and Louis Ortiz, who changed their notes with their change of condition.

The scoundrels, who had amused themselves with reminding us that all we had to expect was an ignominious death, were now our devoted humble servants, cleaning and brushing their own mules for our use, holding the stirrup, and begging for our interference in their behalf with the Apaches. Such wretches did not deserve our good offices; we therefore said nothing for or against them, leaving the

Apaches to act as they pleased. About a week after our liberation, the Apaches halted, as they were about to divide their force into two bands, one of which was to return home with the booty they had captured, while the other proceeded to the borders of Texas.

I have stated that the Shoshones, the Arrapahoes, and Apaches had entered into the confederation, but the Comanches were too far distant for us to have had an opportunity of making the proposal to them. As this union was always uppermost in my mind, I resolved that I would now visit the Comanches, with a view to the furtherance of my object.

The country on the east side of the Rio Grande is one dreary desert, in which no water is to be procured. I believe no Indian has ever done more than skirt its border; indeed, as they assert that it is inhabited by spirits and demons, it is clear that they cannot have visited it.

To proceed to the Comanches country, it

was therefore necessary that we should follow the Rio Grande till we came to the presidio of Rio Grande, belonging to the Mexicans, and from there cross over and take the road to San Antonio de Bejar, the last western city of Texas, and proceed through the Texian country to where the Comanches were located. I therefore decided that we would join the band of Apaches who were proceeding towards Texas.

During this excursion, the Apaches had captured many horses and arms from a trading party, which they had surprised near Chihuahua, and, with their accustomed liberality, they furnished us with steeds, saddles, arms, blankets, and clothes; indeed they were so generous that we could easily pass ourselves off as merchants returning from a trading expedition, in case we were to fall in with any Mexicans, and have to undergo an examination.

We took our leave of the generous Apache

chiefs, who were returning homewards. Joachem Texada and Louis Ortiz were, with the rest of the escort, led away as captives, and what became of them I cannot say. We travelled with the other band of Indians, until we had passed the Presidio del Rio Grande, a strong Mexican fort, and the day afterwards took our farewell of them, having joined a band of smugglers who were on their way to Texas. Ten days afterwards, we entered San Antonio de Bejar, and had nothing more to fear, as we were now clear of the Mexican territory.

San Antonio de Bejar is by far the most agreeable residence in Texas. When in the possession of the Mexicans, it must have been a charming place.

The river San Antonio, which rises at a short distance above the city, glides gracefully through the suburbs, and its clear waters, by numerous winding canals, are brought up to every house. The temperature of the water

is the same throughout the year, neither too warm nor too cold for bathing, and not a single day passes without the inhabitants indulging in the favourite and healthy exercise of swimming, which is practised by everybody, from morning till evening; and the traveller along the shores of this beautiful river will constantly see hundreds of children, of all ages and colour, swimming and diving like so many ducks.

The climate is pure, dry, and healthy. During summer the breeze is fresh and perfumed, and as it never rains, the neighbouring plantations are watered by canals, which receive and carry in every direction the waters of the San Antonio. Formerly the city contained fifteen thousand inhabitants, but the frequent revolutions and the bloody battles which have been fought within its walls have most materially contributed to diminish its number; so much indeed, that, in point of population, the city of San Antonio de Bejar, with its bishopric

and wealthy missions, has fallen to the rank of a small English village. It still carries on a considerable trade, but its appearance of prosperity is deceptive; and I would caution emigrants not to be deceived by the Texian accounts of the place. Immense profits have been made, to be sure, but now even the Mexican smugglers and banditti are beginning to be disgusted with the universal want of faith and probity.

The Mexicans were very fond of gardens and of surrounding their houses with beautiful trees, under the shade of which they would pass most of the time which could be spared from bathing. This gives a fresh and lively appearance to the city, and you are reminded of Calabrian scenery, the lightness and simplicity of the dwellings contrasting with the grandeur and majesty of the monastic buildings in the distance. Texas had no convents, but the Spanish missions were numerous, and their noble structures remain as monuments of for-

mer Spanish greatness. Before describing these immense establishments, it is necessary to state that, soon after the conquest of Mexico, one of the chief objects of Spanish policy was the extension of the authority of the Roman Catholic Church. The conversion of the Indians and the promulgation of Christianity were steadily interwoven with the desire of wealth; and at the time that they took away the Indian's gold, they gave him Christianity. At first, force was required to obtain proselytes, but cunning was found to succeed better; and, by allowing the superstitions of the Indians to be mixed up with the rites of the church, a sort of half-breed religion became general, upon the principle, I presume, that half a loaf is better than no bread. The anomalous consequences of this policy are to be seen in the Indian ceremonies even to this day.

To afford adequate protection to the Roman Catholic missionaries, settlements were established, which still bear the name of missions.

They are very numerous throughout California, and there are several in Texas. The Alamo, at San Antonio, was one of great importance; there were others of less consideration in the neighbourhood; as the missions of Conception, of San Juan, San Jose, and La Espada. All these edifices are most substantially built; the walls are of great thickness, and from their form and arrangement they could be converted into frontier fortresses. They had generally, though not always, a church at the side of the square, formed by the high walls, through which there was but one entrance. In the interior they had a large granary, and the outside wall formed the back to a range of buildings, in which the missionaries and their converts resided. A portion of the surrounding district was appropriated to agriculture, the land being, as I before observed, irrigated by small canals, which conducted the water from the river.

The Alamo is now in ruins, only two or three

of the houses of the inner square being inhabited. The gateway of the church was highly ornamented, and still remains, although the figures which once occupied the niches have disappeared. But there is still sufficient in the ruins to interest the inquirer into its former history, even if he could for a moment forget the scenes which have rendered it celebrated in the history of Texian independence.

About two miles lower down the San Antonio river is the mission of Conception. It is a very large stone building, with a fine cupola, and though a plain building, is magnificent in its proportions and the durability of its construction. It was here that Bowie fought one of the first battles with the Mexican forces, and it has not since been inhabited. Though not so well known to fame as other conflicts, this battle was that which really committed the Texians, and compelled those who thought of terms and the maintenance of

a Mexican connection to perceive that the time for both had passed.

The mission of San Jose is about a mile and a half further down the river. It consists, like the others, of a large square, and numerous Mexican families still reside there. To the left of the gateway is the granary. The church stands apart from the building; it is within the square, but unconnected. The west door is decorated with the most elaborated carvings of flowers, images of angels, and figures of the apostles: the interior is plain. To the right is a handsome tower and belfry, and above the altar a large stone cupola. Behind the church is a long range of rooms for the missionaries, with a corridor of nine arches in front. The Texian troops were long quartered here, and, although always intoxicated, strange to say, the stone carvings have not been injured. The church has since been repaired, and divine service is performed in it.

About half a mile further down is the mis-

sion of San Juan. The church forms part of the sides of the square, and on the north-west corner of the square are the remains of a small stone tower. This mission, as well as that of La Espada, is inhabited. The church of La Espada, however, is in ruins, and but two sides of the square, consisting of mere walls, remain entire; the others have been wantonly destroyed.

The church at San Antonio de Bejar was built in the year 1717; and although it has suffered much from the many sieges which the city has undergone, it is still used as a place of public worship. At the time that San Antonio was attacked and taken, by Colonel Cooke, in 1835, several cannon-shots struck the dome, and a great deal of damage was done; in fact, all the houses in the principal square of the town are marked more or less by shot. One among them has suffered very much; it is the "Government-house," celebrated for one of the most cowardly massacres

ever committed by a nation of barbarians, and which I shall here relate.

After some skirmishes betwixt the Comanches and the Texians, in which the former had always had the advantage, the latter thought it advisable to propose a treaty of alliance. Messengers, with flags of truce, were despatched among the Indians, inviting all their chiefs to a council at San Antonio, where the representatives of Texas would meet them and make their proposals for an eternal peace. Incapable of treachery themselves, the brave Comanches never suspected it in others; at the time agreed upon, forty of their principal chiefs arrived in the town, and, leaving their horses in the square, proceeded to the "Government-house." They were all unarmed, their long flowing hair covered with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments; their dresses very rich, and their blankets of that fine Mexican texture which commands in the market from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

Their horses were noble animals and of great value, their saddles richly embossed with gold and silver. The display of so much wealth excited all the worst propensities of the Texian populace, who resolved at any price to obtain possession of so splendid a booty. While the chiefs were making their speeches of peace and amity, a few hundred Texian blackguards rushed into the room with their pistols and knives, and began their work of murder. All the Indians fell, except one, who succeeded in making his escape; but though the Comanches were quite unarmed, they sold their lives dearly, for eighteen Texians were found among the slain.

I will close this chapter with a few remarks upon the now acknowledged republic of Texas.

The dismemberment of Texas from Mexico was effected by the reports of extensive gold mines, diamonds, &c., which were to be found there, and which raised the cupidity of the

eastern speculators and land-jobbers of the United States. But, in all probability, this appropriation would never have taken place, if it had not been that the southern states of America had, with very different views, given every encouragement to the attempt.

The people of Louisiana and the southern states knew the exact value of the country, and laughed at the idea of its immense treasures. They acted from a deep, although it eventually has turned out to have been a false, policy. They considered that Texas, once wrested from Mexico, would be admitted into the Union, subdivided into two or three states, every one of which would, of course, be slave-holding states, and send their members to Congress. This would have given the slave-holding states the preponderance in the Union.

Events have turned out differently, and the planters of the south now deplore their untoward policy and want of foresight, as they

have assisted, in raising up a formidable rival in the production of their staple commodity, injurious to them even in time of peace, and in case of a war with England, still more inimical to their interests.

It is much to be lamented that Texas had not been populated by a more deserving class of individuals; it might have been, even by this time, a country of importance and wealth; but it has from the commencement been the resort of every vagabond and scoundrel who could not venture to remain in the United States; and, unfortunately, the Texian character was fixed and established, as a community wholly destitute of principle or probity, before the emigration of more respectable settlers had commenced. The consequences have been most disastrous, and it is to be questioned whether some of them will ever be removed.

At the period of its independence, the population of Texas was estimated at about

forty thousand. Now, if you are to credit the Texian government, it has increased to about seventy-five thousand. Such, however, is not the fact, although it, of course, suits the members of the republic to make the assertion. Instead of the increase stated by them, the population of Texas has decreased considerably, and is not now equal to what it was at the Independence.

This may appear strange, after so many thousands from the United States, England, and Germany have been induced to emigrate there; but the fact is, that, after having arrived in the country, and having discovered that they were at the mercy of bands of miscreants, who are capable of any dark deed, they have quitted the country to save the remainder of their substance, and have passed over into Mexico, the Southern United States, or anywhere else where they had some chance of security for life and property.

Among the population of Texas were counted

many thousand Mexicans, who remained in the country, trusting that order and law would soon be established; but, disappointed in their expectations, they have emigrated to Mexico. Eight thousand have quitted St. Antonio de Bejar, and the void has been filled up by six or seven hundred drunkards, thieves, and murderers. The same desertion has taken place in Goliad, Velasco, Nacogdoches, and other towns, which were formerly occupied by Mexican families.

It may give the reader some idea of the insecurity of life and property in Texas, when I state, that there are numerous bands of robbers continually on the look-out, to rifle and murder the travellers, and that it is of frequent occurrence for a house to be attacked and plundered, the women violated, and every individual afterwards murdered by these miscreants, who, to escape detection, dress and paint themselves as Indians. Of course, what I have now stated, although well known to be

a fact, is not likely to be mentioned in the Texian newspapers.

Another serious evil arising from this lawless state of the country is, that the Indians, who were well inclined towards the Texians, as being, with them, mutual enemies of the Mexicans, are now hostile, to extermination. I have mentioned the murder of the Comanche chiefs, in the government-house of San Antonio, which, in itself, was sufficient. But such has been the disgraceful conduct of the Texians towards the Indians, that the white man is now considered by them as a term of reproach; they are spoken of by the Indians as "dogs," and are generally hung or shot whenever they are fallen in with. Centuries cannot repair this serious evil, and the Texians have made bitter and implacable foes of those who would have been their friends. No distinction is made between an American and a Texian, and the Texians have raised up a foe to the United

States, which may hereafter prove not a little troublesome.

In another point, Texas has been seriously injured by this total want of probity and principle. Had Western Texas been settled by people of common honesty, it would, from its topographical situation, have soon become a very important country, as all the mercantile transactions with the north central provinces of Mexico would have been secured to it.

From the Presidio del Rio Grande there is an excellent road to San Antonio de Bejar; to the south of San Antonio lies Chihuahua; so that the nearest and most accessible route overland, from the United States to the centre of Mexico, is through San Antonio. And this overland route can be shortened by discharging vessels at Linville, or La Bacca, and from thence taking the goods to San Antonio, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. The western boundary line of Texas, at the

time of the declaration of its independence, was understood to be the river Nueces; and if so, nothing could have prevented San Antonio from becoming an inland depôt of much commercial importance.

Numerous parties of Mexican traders have long been accustomed to come to San Antonio from the Rio Grande. They were generally very honest in their payments, and shewed a very friendly spirit. Had this trade been protected as it should have been, by putting down the bands of robbers, who rendered the roads unsafe by their depredations and atrocities, it would have become of more value than any trade to Santa Fé. Recognized or unrecognized, Texas could have carried on the trade; merchants would have settled in the West, to participate in it; emigrants would have collected in the district, where the soil is rich and the climate healthy. It is true, the trade would have been illicit; but such is ever the inevitable consequence of a high and ill-regu-

lated tariff. It would, nevertheless, have been very profitable, and would have conciliated the population of Rio Grande towards the Texians, and in all probability have forced upon the Mexican government the establishment of friendly relations between the two countries.

But this trade has been totally destroyed; the Indians now seize and plunder every caravan, either to or from San Antonio; the Texian robbers lie in wait for them, if they escape the Indians; and should the Mexican trader escape with his goods from both, he has still to undergo the chance of being swindled by the *soi-disant* Texian merchant.

If ever there was a proof, from the results of pursuing an opposite course, that honesty is the best policy, it is to be found in the present state of Texas.

CHAPTER III.

HAPPILY for me and my two companions, there still remained two or three gentlemen in San Antonio. These were Colonel Seguin and Messrs. Novarro, senior and junior, Mexican gentlemen, who, liberal in their ideas and frank in their natures, had been induced by the false representations of the Texians not to quit the country after its independence of Mexico; and, as they were men of high rank, by so doing they not only forfeited their rights as citizens of Mexico, but also incurred the hatred and animosity of that government.

Now that they had discovered their error, it was too late to repair it; moreover, pride

and, perhaps, a mistaken sense of honour, would not permit them to remove to Mexico, although severed from all those ties which render life sweet and agreeable. Their own sorrows did not, however, interfere with their unbounded hospitality: in their house we found a home. We formed no intimacy with the Texians; indeed, we had no contact whatever with them, except that one day Roche thrashed two of them with his shillalah for ill-treating an old Indian.

Inquiries were made by Colonel Seguin as to where the Comanches might be found, and we soon ascertained that they were in their great village, at the foot of the Green Mountain, upon the southern fork of the headwaters of the Rio Roxo.

We made immediate preparations for departure, and as we proposed to pass through Austin, the capital of Texas, our kind entertainers pressed five hundred dollars upon us, under the plea that no Texian would ever give

us a tumbler of water except it was paid for, and that, moreover, it was possible that after passing a few days among the gallant members of Congress, we might miss our holsters or stirrups, our blankets, or even one of our horses.

We found their prediction, in the first instance, but too true. Six miles from Austin we stopped at the farm of the Honourable Judge Webb, and asked leave to water our horses, as they had travelled forty miles under a hot sun without drawing bit. The honourable judge flatly refused, although he had a good well, besides a pond, under fence, covering several acres; his wife, however, reflecting, perhaps, that her stores were rather short of coffee or salt, entered into a rapid discussion with her worse half, and by-and-by that respectable couple of honourables agreed to sell water to us at twenty-five cents a bucket.

When we dismounted to take the bridles off our horses, the daughters arrived, and perceiv-

ing we had new silk sashes and neckerchiefs and some fine jewels, they devoured us with their eyes, and one of them, speaking to her papa, that most hospitable gentleman invited us to enter his house. By that time we were once more upon our saddles and ready to start. Roche felt indignant at the meanness of the fellow, who had received our seventy-five cents for the water before he invited us into the house. We refused, and Roche told him that he was an old scoundrel to sell for money that which even a savage will never refuse to his most bitter enemy.

The rage of the honourable cannot be depicted: "My rifle!" he vociferated, "my rifle! for God's sake, Betsey—Juliet, run for my rifle!"

The judge then went into the house; but, as three pistols were drawn from our holsters, neither he nor his rifle made their appearance, so we turned our horses' heads and rode on leisurely to Austin.

In Austin we had a grand opportunity of seeing the Texians under their true colours. There were three hotels in town, and every evening, after five o'clock, almost all of them, not excluding the president of the republic, the secretaries, judges, ministers, and members of Congress, were, more or less, tipsy, and in the quarrels which ensued hardly a night passed without four or five men being stabbed or shot, and the riot was continued during the major portion of the night, so that at nine o'clock in the morning everybody was still in bed. So buried in silence was the town, that one morning, at eight o'clock, I killed a fine buck grazing quietly before the door of the Capitol. It is strange that this capital of Texas should have been erected upon the very northern boundary of the state. Indians have often entered it and taken scalps not ten steps from the Capitol.

While we were in Austin we made the acquaintance of old *Castro*, the chief of the

Lepan Indians, an offset of the Comanche tribe. He is one of the best-bred gentlemen in the world, having received a liberal and military education, first in Mexico and subsequently in Spain. He has travelled in France, Germany, England, and, in fact, all over Europe. He speaks and writes five or six languages, and so conscious is he of his superiority over the Texians, that he never addresses them but with contempt. He once said to them in the legislature room of Matagorda—

"Never deceive yourselves, Texians. I fight with you against the Mexicans, because betwixt them and me there is an irreconcilable hatred. Do not then flatter yourselves that it is through friendship towards you. I can give my friendship only to those who are honourable both in peace and in war; you are all of you liars, and many of you thieves, scoundrels, and base murderers. Yes, dogs, I say true; yelp not, bark not, for you know you dare not

bite, now that my two hundred warriors are surrounding this building: be silent, I say."

Castro was going in the same direction as ourselves to join his band, which was at that moment buffalo-hunting, a few journeys northward. He had promised his company and protection to two foreign gentlemen, who were desirous of beholding the huge tenant of the prairies. We all started together, and we enjoyed very much this addition to our company.

The first day we travelled over an old Spanish military road, crossing rich rolling prairies, here and there watered by clear streams, the banks of which are sheltered by magnificent oaks. Fifteen miles from Austin there is a remarkable spot, upon which a visionary speculator had a short time before attempted to found a city. He purchased an immense tract of ground, had beautiful plans drawn and painted, and very soon there appeared, upon paper, one of the largest and

handsomest cities in the world. There were colleges and public squares, penitentiaries, banks, taverns, whisky-shops, and fine walks. I hardly need say, that this town-manufacturer was a Yankee, who intended to realize a million by selling town-lots. The city (in prospective) was called Athens, and the silly fellow had so much confidence in his own speculation, that he actually built upon the ground a very large and expensive house. One day, as he, with three or four negroes, was occupied in digging a well, he was attacked by a party of Yankee thieves, who thought he had a great deal of money. The poor devil ran away from his beloved city and returned no more. The house stands as it was left. I even saw near the well the spades and pickaxes with which they had been working at the time of the attack. Thus modern Athens was cut off in the bud, which was a great pity, as a few Athenian sages and legislators are sadly wanted in Texas.

Early one morning we were awakened by

loud roars in the prairie. Castro started on his feet and soon gave the welcome news, "*The Buffaloes.*" On the plain were hundreds of dark moving spots, which increased in size as we came nearer; and before long we could clearly see the shaggy brutes galloping across the prairie, and extending their dark, compact phalanxes even to the line of the horizon. Then followed a scene of excitement. The buffaloes, scared by the continual reports of our rifles, broke their ranks and scattered themselves in every direction.

The two foreigners were both British, the youngest being a young Irishman of a good family, and of the name of Fitzgerald. We had been quite captivated by his constant good humour and vivacity of spirits; he was the life of our little evening encampments, and, as he had travelled on the other side of the Pacific, we would remain till late at night listening to his interesting and beautiful narratives of his adventures in Asiatic countries.

He had at first joined the English legion in Spain, in which he had advanced to the rank of captain; he soon got tired of that service and went to Persia, where he entered into the Shah's employ as an officer of artillery. This after some time not suiting his fancy, he returned to England, and decided upon visiting Texas, and establishing himself as a merchant at San Antonio. But his taste for a wandering life would not allow him to remain quiet for any length of time, and having one day fallen in with an English naturalist, who had come out on purpose to visit the north-west prairies of Texas, he resolved to accompany him.

Always ready for any adventure, Fitz. rushed madly among the buffaloes. He was mounted upon a wild horse of the small breed, loaded with saddlebags, water calabashes, tin and coffee cups, blankets, &c., but these encumbrances did not stop him in the least. With his bridle fastened to the pommel of his saddle and a pistol in each hand, he shot to the right

and left, stopping now and then to reload and then starting anew. During the hunt he lost his hat, his saddlebags, with linen and money, and his blankets: as he never took the trouble to pick them up, they are probably yet in the prairie where they were dropped.

The other stranger was an English *savant*, one of the queerest fellows in the world. He wished also to take his share in the buffalo-hunt, but his steed was a lazy and peaceable animal, a true nag for a fat abbot, having a horror of any thing like trotting or galloping; and as he was not to be persuaded out of his slow walk, he and his master remained at a respectable distance from the scene of action. What an excellent caricature might have been made of that good-humoured *savant*, as he sat on his rozinante, armed with an enormous double-barrelled gun, loaded but not primed, some time, to no purpose, spurring the self-willed animal, and then spying through an

opera-glass at the majestic animals which he could not approach.

We killed nine bulls and seven fat calves, and in the evening we encamped near a little river, where we made an exquisite supper of marrow and tongue, two good things, which can only be enjoyed in the wild prairies. The next day, at sunset, we received a visit from an immense herd of mustangs (wild horses). We saw them at first ascending one of the swells of the prairie, and took them for hostile Indians; but having satisfied their curiosity, the whole herd wheeled round with as much regularity as a well-drilled squadron, and with their tails erect and long manes floating to the wind, were soon out of sight.

Many strange stories have been related by trappers and hunters, of a solitary white horse which has often been met with near the Cross Timbers and the Red River. No one ever saw him trotting or galloping; he only *racks*, but

with such rapidity that no steed can follow him. Immense sums of money have been offered to any who could catch him, and many have attempted the task, but without success. The noble animal still runs free in his native prairies, always alone and unapproachable.

We often met with the mountain goat, an animal which participates both of the deer and the common goat, but whose flesh is far superior to either. It is gracefully shaped—long-legged and very fleet. One of them, whose fore-leg I had broken with a rifle ball, escaped from our fleetest horse (Castro's), after a chase of nearly thirty minutes. The mountain goat is found on the great platforms of the Rocky Mountains, and also at the broad waters of the rivers Brasos and Colorado. Though of a very timid nature, they are superlatively inquisitive, and can be easily attracted within rifle range, by agitating, from behind a tree, a white or red handkerchief.

We were also often visited, during the night,

by rattlesnakes, who liked amazingly the heat and softness of our blankets. They were unwelcome customers, to be sure; but yet there were some others of which we were still more in dread; among them I may class, as the ugliest and most deadly, the prairie tarantula, a large spider, bigger than a good-sized chicken egg, hairy, like a bear, with small blood-shot eyes and little sharp teeth.

One evening, we encamped near a little spring, two miles from the Brasos. Finding no wood to burn near to us, Fitzgerald started to fetch some. As I have said, his was a small wild horse; he was imprudent enough to tie to its tail a young tree, which he had cut down. The pony, of course, got angry, and galloped furiously towards the camp, surrounded by a cloud of dust. At this sight, the other horses began to shew signs of terror; but we were fortunate enough to secure them all before it was too late, or we should have lost them for ever.

It is astonishing to witness in the prairies how powerfully fear will act, not only upon the buffaloes and mustangs, but also upon tame horses and cattle. Oxen will run farther than horses, and some of them have been known, when under the influence of the estampede, or sudden fright, to run forty miles without ever stopping, and when at last they halted, it was merely because exhausted nature would not allow them to go further. The Texian expedition, on its way to Santa Fé, once lost ninety-four horses by an estampede. I must say that nothing can exceed the grandeur of the sight, when a numerous body of cattle are under its influence. Old nags, broken by age and fatigue, who have been deserted on account of their weakness, appear as wild and fresh as young colts. As soon as they are seized with that inexplicable dread which forces them to fly, they appear to regain in a moment all the powers of their youth; with head and tail erect, and eyes glaring with fear, they rush

madly on in a straight line; the earth trembles under their feet; nothing can stop them—trees, abysses, lakes, rivers, or mountains—they go over all, until nature can support it no more, and the earth is strewed with their bodies.

Even the otherwise imperturbable horse of our *savant* would sometimes have an estampede after his own fashion; lazy and self-willed, prefering a slow walk to any other kind of motion, this animal shewed in all his actions that he knew how to take care of number one, always selecting his quarters where the water was cooler and the grass tender. But he had a very bad quality for a prairie travelling nag, which was continually placing his master in some awkward dilemma. One day that we had stopped to refresh ourselves near a spring, we removed the bridles from our horses, to allow them to graze a few minutes, but the *savant's* cursed beast took precisely that opportunity of giving us a sample of his estam-

pede. Our English friend had a way, quite peculiar to himself, of crowding upon his horse all his scientific and culinary instruments. He had suspended at the pommel of the saddle a thermometer, a rum calabash, and a coffee boiler, while behind the saddle hung a store of pots and cups, frying-pan, a barometer, a sextant, and a long spy-glass. The nag was grazing, when one of the instruments fell down, at which the beast commenced kicking, to shew his displeasure. The more he kicked, the greater was the rattling of the cups and pans; the brute was now quite terrified; we first secured our own steeds, and then watched the singular and ridiculous movements of this *estampedero*.

He would make ten leaps, and then stop to give as many kicks, then shake himself violently and start off full gallop. At every moment, some article, mathematical or culinary, would get loose, fall down, and be trampled upon. The sextant was kicked to pieces,

the frying-pan and spy-glass were put out of shape, the thermometer lost its mercury, and at last, by dint of shaking, rolling, and kicking, the brute got rid of his entire load and saddle, and then came quietly to us, apparently very well satisfied with himself and with the damage he had done. It was a most ludicrous scene, and defies all power of description; so much did it amuse us, that we could not stop laughing for three or four hours.

The next day, we found many mineral springs, the waters of which were strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron. We also passed by the bodies of five white men, probably trappers, horribly mangled, and evidently murdered by some Texian robbers. Towards evening, we crossed a large fresh Indian trail, going in the direction of the river Brasos, and, following it, we soon came up with the tribe of Lepans, of which old Castro was the chief.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lepans were themselves going northward, and for a few days we skirted, in company with them, the western borders of the Cross Timbers. The immense prairies of Texas are for hundreds and hundreds of miles bordered on the east by a belt of thick and almost impenetrable forests, called the Cross Timbers. Their breadth varies from seventy to one hundred miles. There the oak and hiccory grow tall and beautiful, but the general appearance of the country is poor, broken, and rugged. These forests abound with deer and bears, and sometimes the buffalo, when hotly pursued by the Indians in the prairies, will take refuge in

its closest thickets. Most of the trees contain hives of bees full of a very delicate honey, the great luxury of the pioneers along these borders.

We now took our leave of the Lepans and our two white friends, who would fain have accompanied us to the Comanches had there been a chance of returning to civilization through a safe road; as it was, Gabriel, Roche, and I resumed our journey alone. During two or three days we followed the edge of the wood, every attempt to penetrate into the interior proving quite useless, so thick were the bushes and thorny briers. Twice or thrice we perceived on some hills, at a great distance, smoke and fires, but we could not tell what Indians might be there encamped.

We had left the Timbers and had scarcely advanced ten miles in a westerly direction, when a dog of a most miserable appearance joined our company. He was soon followed by two others as lean and as weak as himself.

They were evidently Indian dogs of the wolf breed, and miserable, starved animals they looked, with the ribs almost bare, while their tongues, parched and hanging downwards, shewed clearly the want of water in these horrible regions. We had ourselves been twenty-four hours without having tasted any, and our horses were quite exhausted.

We were slowly descending the side of a swell in the prairie, when a buffalo passed at full speed, ten yards before us, closely pursued by a Tonquewa Indian (a ferocious tribe), mounted upon a small horse, whose graceful form excited our admiration. This savage was armed with a long lance, and covered with a cloak of deer-skin, richly ornamented, his long black hair undulating with the breeze.

A second Indian soon followed the first, and they were evidently so much excited with the chase as not to perceive us, although I addressed the last one who passed not ten yards from me. The next day we met with a band

of Wakoes Indians, another subdivision of the Comanches or of the Apaches, and not yet seen or even mentioned by any traveller. They were all mounted upon fine tall horses, evidently a short time before purchased at the Mexican settlements, for some of them had their shoes still on their feet. They immediately offered us food and water, and gave us fresh steeds, for our own were quite broken down and could scarsely drag themselves along. We encamped with them that day on a beautiful spot, where our poor animals recovered a little. We bled them freely, an operation which probably saved them to share with us many more toils and dangers.

The next day we arrived at the Wakoe village, pleasantly situated upon the banks of a cold and clear stream, which glided through a romantic valley, studded here and there with trees just sufficient to vary the landscape, without concealing its beauties. All around the village were vast fields of Indian corn and

melons; further off numerous herds of cattle, sheep, and horses were grazing; while the women were busy drying buffalo meat. In this hospitable village we remained ten days, by which time we and our beasts had entirely recovered from our fatigues.

This tribe is certainly far superior in civilization and comforts to all other tribes of Indians, the Shoshones not excepted. The Wakoe wigwams are well built, forming long streets, admirable for their cleanness and regularity. They are made of long posts, neatly squared, firmly fixed into the ground, and covered over with tanned buffalo hides, the roof being formed of white straw, plaited much finer than the common summer hats of Boston manufacture. These dwellings are of a conical form, thirty feet in height and fifteen in diameter. Above the partition walls of the principal room are two rows of beds, neatly arranged, as on board of packet-ships. The whole of their establishment, in fact, proves that they

not only live at ease, but also enjoy a high degree of comfort and luxury.

Attached to every wigwam is another dwelling of less dimensions, the lower part of which is used as a provision store. Here is always to be found a great quantity of pumpkins, melons, dried peaches, grapes, and plums, cured venison, and buffalo tongues. Round the store is a kind of balcony, leading to a small room above it. What it contained I know not, though I suspect it is consecrated to the rites of the Wakoe religion. Kind and hospitable as they were, they refused three or four times to let us penetrate in this *sanctum sanctorum*, and of course we would not press them further.

The Wakoes, or, to say better, their villages, are unknown, except to a few trappers and hunters, who will never betray the kind hospitality they have received by shewing the road to them. There quiet and happiness have reigned undisturbed for many centuries.

The hunters and warriors themselves will often wander in the distant settlements of the Yankees and Mexicans to procure seeds, for they are very partial to gardening; they cultivate tobacco; in fact, they are, I believe, the only Indians who seriously occupy themselves with agriculture, which occupation does not prevent them from being a powerful and warlike people.

As well as the Apaches and the Comanches, the Wakoes are always on horseback; they are much taller and possess more bodily strength than either of these two nations, whom they also surpass in ingenuity. A few years ago, three hundred Texians, under the command of General Smith, met an equal party of the Wakoes hunting to the east of the Cross Timbers. As these last had many fine horses and an immense provision of hides and cured meat, the Texians thought that nothing could be more easy than routing the Indians and stealing their booty. They were, however, sadly mistaken; when they made their attack,

they were almost all cut to pieces, and the unburied bones of two hundred and forty Texians remain blanching in the prairie, as a monument of their own rascality and the prowess of the Wakoes.

Comfortable and well treated as we were by that kind people, we could not remain longer with them; so we continued our toilsome and solitary journey. The first day was extremely damp and foggy; a pack of sneaking wolves were howling about, within a few yards of us, but the sun came out about eight o'clock, dispersing the fog and also the wolves.

We still continued our former course, and found an excellent road for fifteen miles, when we entered a singular tract of land, unlike any thing we had ever before seen. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but a sandy plain, covered with dwarf oaks two and three feet high, and bearing innumerable acorns of a large size. This desert, although our horses sank to the very

knee in the sand, we were obliged to cross; night came on before the passage was effected, and we were quite tired with the fatigues of the day. We were, however, fortunate enough to find a cool and pure stream of running water, on the opposite side of which the prairie had been recently burnt, and the fresh grass was just springing up; here we encamped.

We started the next morning, and ascended a high ridge; we were in great spirits, little anticipating the horrible tragedy in which we should soon have to play our parts. The country before us was extremely rough and broken; we pushed on, however, buffeting, turning, and twisting about until nearly dark, crossing and recrossing deep gullies, our progress in one direction impeded by steep hills, and in another by yawning ravines, until, finally, we encamped at night not fifteen miles from where we had started in the morning. During the day, we had found large plum patches, and had picked a great quantity of

this fruit, which we found sweet and refreshing after our toil.

On the following morning, after winding about until noon among the hills, we at length reached a beautiful table land, covered with musqueet trees. So suddenly did we leave behind us the rough and uneven tract of country and enter a level valley, and so instantaneous was the transition, that the change of scenery in a theatre was brought forcibly to our minds; it was turning from the bold and wild scenery of Salvator Rosa to dwell upon the smiling landscape of a Poussin or Claude Lorrain.

On starting in the morning, nothing was to be seen but a rough and rugged succession of hills before us, piled one upon another, each succeeding hill rising above its neighbour. At the summit of the highest of these hills, the beautiful and fertile plain came suddenly to view, and we were immediately upon it, without one of us anticipating any thing of the

kind. The country between the Cross Timbers and the Rocky Mountains rises by steps, if I may so call them. The traveller journeying west meets, every fifty or sixty miles, with a ridge of high hills; as he ascends these, he anticipates a corresponding descent upon the opposite side, but in most instances, on reaching this summit, he finds before him a level and fertile prairie. This is certainly the case south of the Red River, whatever it may be to the northward of it.

We halted an hour or two on reaching this beautiful table land, to rest ourselves and give our horses an opportunity to graze. Little villages of prairie dogs were scattered here and there, and we killed half-a-dozen of them for our evening meal. The fat of these animals, I have forgotten to say, is asserted to be an infallible remedy for the rheumatism.

In the evening, we again started, and encamped, an hour after sun-down, upon the banks of a clear running stream. We had,

during the last part of our journey, discovered the tops of three or four high mountains in the distance; we knew them to be "*the Crows*," by the description of them given to us by the Wakoes.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the warbling of innumerable singing birds, perched among the bushes along the borders of the stream. Pleasing as was the concert, we were obliged to leave it behind and pursue our weary march. Throughout the day we had an excellent road, and when night came, we had travelled about thirty-five miles. The mountains, the summits of which we had perceived the evening before, were now plainly visible, and answered to the descriptions of the Wakoes, as those in the neighbourhood of the narrows of the Red River.

We now considered that we were near the end of our journey. That night we swallowed a very scanty supper, laid down to sleep, and dreamed of beaver tail and buffalo hump and

tongues. The next day, at noon, we crossed the bed of a stream, which was evidently a large river during the rainy season. At that time but little water was found in it, and that so salt, it was impossible even for our horses to drink it.

Towards night, we came to the banks of a clear stream, the waters of which were bubbling along, over a bed of golden sand, running nearly north and south, while, at a distance of some six miles, and to our left, was the chain of hills I have previously mentioned; rising above the rest, were three peaks, which really deserved the name of mountains. We crossed the stream and encamped on the other side. Scarcely had we unsaddled our horses, when we perceived coming towards us a large party of savages, whose war paint, with the bleeding scalps hanging to their belts, plainly shewed the errand from which they were returning: they encamped on the other side of the stream, within a quarter of a mile from us.

That night we passed watching, shivering, and fasting, for we dared not light a fire in the immediate vicinity of our neighbours, whom we could hear singing and rejoicing. The next morning, long before dawn, we stole away quietly, and trotted briskly till noon, when we encountered a deep and almost impassable ravine. There we were obliged to halt, and pass the remainder of the day endeavouring to discover a passage. This occupied us till night-fall, and we had nothing to eat but plums and berries. Melancholy were our thoughts when we reflected upon the difficulties we might shortly have to encounter; and gloomy were our forebodings as we wrapt ourselves in our blankets, half starved and oppressed with feelings of uncertainty as to our present position and our future destinies.

The night passed without alarm, but the next morning we were sickened by a horrible scene which was passing about half a mile from us. A party of the same Indians, whom

we had seen the evening before, were butchering some of their captives, while several others were busy cooking the flesh, and many were eating it. We were rooted to the spot by a thrill of horror we could not overcome; even our horses seemed to know by instinct that something horrible was acting below, for they snuffed the air, and with their ears pointed straight forward, trembled so as to satisfy us that for the present we could not avail ourselves of their services. Gabriel crept as near as he could to the party, leaving us to await his return in a terrible state of suspense and anxiety. When he rejoined us, it appeared our sight had not deceived us. There were nine more prisoners, who would probably undergo the same fate on the following day; four, he said, were Comanches, the other five, Mexican females, —two young girls and three women.

The savages had undoubtedly made an inroad upon San Miguel or Taos, the two most northern settlements of the Mexicans, not far from

the Green Mountains where we were ourselves going. What could we do? We could not fight the cannibals, who were at least one hundred in number, and yet we could not go away and leave men and women of our own colour to a horrible death, and a tomb in the stomach of these savages. The idea could not be borne, so we determined to remain and trust to chance or Providence. After their abominable meal, the savages scattered about the prairie in every direction, but not breaking up their camp, where they left their prisoners, under the charge of twelve of their young warriors.

Many plans did we propose for the rescue of the poor prisoners, but they were all too wild for execution; at last chance favoured us, although we did not entirely succeed in our enterprise. Three or four deer galloped across the prairie, and passed not fifty yards from the camp. A fine buck came in our direction, and two of the Indians who were left in charge

started after him. They rushed in among us, and stood motionless with astonishment at finding neighbours they had not reckoned upon. We, however, gave them no time to recover from their surprise, our knives and tomahawks performed quickly and silently the work of death, and little remorse did we feel, after the scene we had witnessed in the morning. We would have killed, if possible, the whole band, as they slept, without any more compunction than we would have destroyed a nest of rattlesnakes.

The deer were followed by a small herd of buffaloes. We had quickly saddled and secured our horses to some shrubs, in case it should be necessary to run for our lives, when we perceived the ten remaining Indians, having first examined and ascertained that their captives were well bound, start on foot in chase of the herd of buffaloes; indeed there were but about twenty horses in the whole band, and they had been ridden away by the others. Three of these Indians we killed without at-

tracting the attention of the rest, and Gabriel, without being discerned, gained the deserted encampment, and severed the thongs which bound the prisoners.

The Mexican women refused to fly; they were afraid of being captured and tortured; they thought they would be spared, and taken to the wigwams of the savages, who, we then learned, belonged to the tribe of the Cayugas. They told us that thirteen Indian prisoners had already been eaten, but no white people. The Comanche prisoners armed themselves with the lances, bows, and arrows left in the camp, and in an hour after the passage of the buffaloes, but two of the twelve Indians were alive; these, giving the war-whoop to recal their party, at last discovered that their comrades had been killed.

At that moment the prairie became animated with buffaloes and hunters; the Cayugas on horseback were coming back, driving another herd before them. No time was to

be lost if we wished to save our scalps; we gave one of our knives (so necessary an article in the wilderness) to the Comanches, who expressed what they felt in glowing terms, and we left them to their own cunning and knowledge of the localities, to make their escape. We had not overrated their abilities, for some few days afterwards we met them safe and sound in their own wigwams.

We galloped as fast as our horses could go for fifteen miles, along the ravine which had impeded our journey during the preceding day, when we fell in with a small creek. There we and our horses drank incredible quantities of water, and as our position was not yet very safe, we again resumed our march at a brisk trot. We travelled three or four more miles along the foot of a high ridge, and discovered what seemed to be an Indian trail, leading in a zigzag course up the side of it. This we followed, and soon found ourselves on the summit of the ridge. There we were again gratified

at finding spread out before us a perfectly level prairie, extending as far as the eye could reach, without a tree to break the monotony of the scene.

We halted a few minutes to rest our horses, and for some time watched what was passing in the valley we had left, now lying a thousand feet below us. All we could perceive at the distance which we were, was that all was in motion, and we thought that our best plan was to leave as much space between us and the Cayugas as possible. We had had but little time to converse with the liberated Comanches, yet we had gained from them that we were in the right direction, and were not many days from our destination.

At the moment we were mounting our horses, all was quiet again in the valley below. It was a lovely panorama, and, viewing it from the point where we stood, we could hardly believe that, some hours previous, such a horrible tragedy had been there performed. Sof-

tened down by the distance, there was a tranquillity about it which appeared as if it never had been broken. The deep brown skirting of bushes, on the sides of the different water-courses, broke and varied the otherwise vast extent of vivid green. The waters of the river, now reduced to a silver thread, were occasionally brought to view by some turn in the stream, and again lost to sight under the rich foliage on the banks.

We continued our journey, and towards evening we descried a large bear within a mile of us, and Roche started in chase. Having gained the other side of the animal, he drove it directly towards me. Cocking a pistol, I rode a short distance in front, to meet him, and while in the act of taking deliberate aim at the bear, then not more than eight yards from me, I was surprised to see him turn a summerset and commence kicking with his hind legs. Unseen by me, Gabriel had crept up close on the opposite side of my horse, and

had noosed the animal with his lasso, just as I was pulling the trigger of my pistol; Bruin soon disengaged himself from the lasso, and made towards Roche, who brought him down with a single shot below the ear.

Gabriel and I then went on ahead, to select a place for passing the night, leaving our friend behind to cut up the meat; but we had not gone half a mile, when our progress was suddenly checked by a yawning abyss, or chasm, some two hundred yards across, and probably six hundred feet in depth. The banks, at this place, were nearly perpendicular, and from the sides projected sharp rocks, and, now and then, tall majestic cedars. We travelled a mile or more along the banks, but perceiving it was too late to find a passage across, we encamped in a little hollow under a cluster of cedars. There we were soon joined by Roche, and we were indebted to Bruin for an excellent repast.

The immense chasm before us ran nearly north and south, and we perceived that the

current of the stream, or rather torrent, below us, ran towards the former point. The next morning, we determined to direct our steps to the northward, and we had gone but a few miles before large buffalo or Indian trails were seen running in a south-west direction, and, as we travelled on, others were noticed bearing more to the west. Obliged to keep out some distance from the ravine, to avoid the small gullies emptying into it and the various elbows which it made, about noon we struck upon a large trail, running directly west; this we followed, and on reaching the main chasm, found that it led to the only place where there was any chance of crossing. Here, too, we found that innumerable trails joined, coming from every direction—proof conclusive that we must cross here or travel many weary miles out of our way.

Dismounting from our animals, we looked at the yawning abyss before us, and our first impression was, that the passage was imprac-

ticable. That buffaloes, mustangs, and, very probably, Indian horses, had crossed here, was evident enough, for a zizgag path had been worn down the rocky and precipitous sides; but our three horses were unused to sliding down or climbing precipices, and they drew back on being led to the brink of the chasm.

After many unsuccessful attempts, I at last persuaded my steed to take the path; the others followed. In some places, they went along the very verge of rocky edges, where a false step would have precipitated them hundreds of feet down, to instant death; in others, they were compelled to slide down passes nearly perpendicular. Gabriel's horse was much bruised, but after an hour's severe toil, we gained the bottom, without sustaining any serious injury.

Here we remained a couple of hours, to rest our weary animals and find the trail leading up the opposite side. This we discovered, and, after great exertions, succeeded

in clambering up to the top, where we again found ourselves upon a smooth and level prairie. On looking back, I shuddered to behold the frightful chasm we had so successfully passed, and thought it a miracle that we had got safely across; but a very short time afterwards, I was convinced that the feat we had just accomplished was a mere nothing.

After giving our animals another rest, we resumed our journey across the dreary prairie. Not a tree or bush could be seen in any direction. A green carpeting of short grass was spread over the vast scene, with naught else to relieve the sight.

People may talk of the solitude of forests as much as they please, but there is a company in trees which one misses upon the prairie. It is in the prairie, with its ocean-like waving of grass, like a vast sea without landmarks, that the traveller feels a sickly sensation of loneliness. There he feels as if not in the world, although

not out of it; there he finds no sign or trace to tell him that there are, beyond or behind him, countries where millions of his own kindred are living and moving. It is in the prairie that man really feels that he is—alone.

We rode briskly along till sun-down, and encamped by the side of a small water-hole, formed by a hollow in the prairie. The mustangs, as well as the deer and antelopes, had left this part of the prairie, driven out, doubtless, by the scarcity of water. Had it not been for occasional showers, while travelling through this dreary waste, we should most inevitably have perished, for even the immense chasms had no water in them, except that temporarily supplied by the rains.

CHAPTER V.

THE morning broke bright and cloudless, the sun rising from the horizon in all his majesty. Having saddled our horses, we pursued our journey in a north-east direction; but we had scarcely proceeded six miles before we suddenly came upon an immense rent or chasm in the earth, far exceeding in depth the one we had so much difficulty in crossing the day before. We were not aware of its existence until we were immediately upon its brink, when a spectacle exceeding in grandeur any thing we had previously witnessed burst upon our sight. Not a tree or bush, no outline whatever, marked its position or course, and

we were lost in amazement and wonder as we rode up and peered into the yawning abyss.

In depth it could not have been less than one thousand feet, in width from three to five hundred yards, and at the point where we first struck it, its sides were nearly perpendicular. A sickly sensation of dizziness was felt by all three of us, as we looked down, as it were, into the very bowels of the earth. Below, an occasional spot of green relieved the eye, and a stream of water, now visible, now concealed behind some huge rock, was bubbling and foaming along. Immense walls, columns, and, in some places, what appeared to be arches, filled the ravine, worn by the water undoubtedly, but so perfect in form, that we could with difficulty be brought to believe that the hand of men or genii had not been employed in raising them. The rains of centuries, falling upon the extended prairie, had here found a reservoir and vent, and their sapping and undermining

of the different veins of earth and stone had formed these strange and fanciful shapes.

Before reaching the chasm, we had crossed numerous large trails leading a little more to the westward than we had been travelling, and we were at once convinced that they all centered in a common crossing close at hand. In this conjecture we were not disappointed, half-an-hour's trotting brought us into a large road, the thoroughfare for years of millions of Indians, buffaloes, and mustangs. Perilous as the descent appeared, we well knew there was no other near. My horse was again started ahead while the two others followed. Once in the narrow path, which led circuitously down the deep descent, there was no possibility of turning back, and our maddened animals finally reached the bottom in safety.

Several large stones were loosened from under our feet during this frightful descent. They would leap, dash, and thunder down the

precipitous sides and strike against the bottom far below us with a terrific crash.

We found a running stream at the bottom, and on the opposite side of it a romantic dell covered with short grass and a few scattered cotton-wood trees. A large body of Indians had encamped on this very spot but a few days previous; the *blazed* limbs of the trees and other "signs" shewing that they had made it a resting-place. We, too, halted a couple of hours to give our horses an opportunity to graze and rest themselves. The trail which led up to the prairie on the opposite side was discovered a short distance above us to the south.

As we journeyed along this chasm, we were struck with admiration at the strange and fanciful figures made by the washing of the waters during the rainy season. In some places, perfect walls, formed of a reddish clay, were to be seen standing; in any other locality it would

have been impossible to believe but that they had been raised but by the hand of man. The strata of which these walls were composed was regular in width, hard, and running perpendicularly; and where the softer sand which had surrounded them had been washed away, the strata still remained, standing in some places one hundred feet high, and three or four hundred in length.

Here and there were columns, and such was their architectural regularity, and so much of chaste grandeur was there about them, that we were lost in admiration and wonder. In other places the breastworks of forts would be plainly visible, then again the frowning turrets of some castle of the olden time. Cumbrous pillars, apparently ruins of some mighty pile, formerly raised to religion or royalty, were scattered about; regularity and perfect design were strangely mixed up with ruin and disorder, and nature had done it all. Niagara has been considered one of her wildest freaks; but

Niagara falls into insignificance when compared with the wild grandeur of this awful chasm. Imagination carried me back to Thebes, to Palmyra, and the Edomite Pætra, and I could not help imagining that I was wandering among their ruins.

Our passage out of this chasm was effected with the greatest difficulty. We were obliged to carry our rifles and saddle-bags in our hands, and, in clambering up a steep precipice, Roche's horse, striking his shoulder against a projecting rock, was precipitated some fifteen or twenty feet, falling upon his back. We thought he must be killed by the fall; but, singular enough, he rose immediately, shook himself, and a second effort in climbing proved more successful. The animal had not received the slightest apparent injury.

Before evening we were safely over, having spent five or six hours in passing this chasm. Once more we found ourselves upon the level of the prairie, and, after proceeding some hun-

dred yards, on looking back, not a sign of the immense fissure was visible. The waste we were then travelling over was at least two hundred and fifty miles in width, and the two chasms I have mentioned were the reservoirs, and at the same time the channels of escape for the heavy rains which fall upon it during the wet season.

This prairie is undoubtedly one of the largest in the world, and the chasm is in perfect keeping with the size of the prairie. At sundown we came upon a water-hole, and encamped for the night. By this time we were entirely out of provisions, and our sufferings commenced.

The next day we resumed our journey, now severely feeling the cravings of hunger. During our journey we saw small herds of deer and antelopes, doubtless enticed to the water-courses by the recent rains, and towards night we descried a drove of mustangs upon a swell of the prairie half a mile ahead of us. They were all extremely shy, and although

we discharged our rifles at them, not a shot was successful. In the evening we encamped near a water-hole, overspreading an area of some twenty acres, but very shallow. Large flocks of Spanish *curlews*, one of the best-flavoured birds that fly, were hovering about, and lighting on it on all sides. Had I been in possession of a double-barrelled gun, with small shot, we could have had at least one good meal; but as I had but a heavy rifle and my bow and arrows, we were obliged to go to sleep supperless.

About two o'clock the next morning we saddled and resumed our travel, journeying by the stars, still in a north-east direction. On leaving the Wakoes, we thought that we could be not more than one hundred miles from the Comanche encampment. We had now ridden much more than that distance, and were still on the immense prairie. To relieve ourselves from the horrible suspense we were in—to push forward, with the hope of procuring

some provisions—to get somewhere, in short, was now our object, and we pressed onward, with the hope of finding relief.

Our horses had, as yet, suffered less than ourselves, for the grazing in the prairie had been good; but our now hurried march, and the difficult crossing of the immense chasms, began to tell upon them. At sunrise we halted near a small pond of water, to rest the animals and allow them an hour to feed.

While stretched upon the ground, we perceived a large antelope slowly approaching —now stopping, now walking a few steps nearer, evidently inquisitive as to who, or rather what, we might be. His curiosity cost him his life: with a well-directed shot, Gabriel brought him down, and none but a starved man could appreciate our delight. We cooked the best part of the animal, made a plentiful dinner, and resumed our journey.

For three days more, the same dreary spec-

tacle of a boundless prairie was still before us. Not a sign was visible that we were nearing its edge. We journeyed rapidly on till near the middle of the afternoon of the third day, when we noticed a dark spot a mile and a half ahead of us. At first we thought it to be a low bush, but as we gradually neared it, it had more the appearance of a rock, although nothing of the kind had been seen from the time we first came on the prairie, with the exception of those at the chasms.

"A buffalo!" cried Roche, whose keen eye at last penetrated the mystery; "a buffalo, lying down and asleep." Here, then, was another chance for many a good meal, and we felt our courage invigorated. Gabriel went ahead on foot, with his rifle, in the hope that he should at least get near enough to wound the animal, while Roche and I made every preparation for the chase. Disencumbering our horses of every pound of superfluous

weight, we started for the sport, rendered doubly exciting by the memory of our recent suffering from starvation.

For a mile beyond where the buffalo lay, the prairie rose gradually, and we knew nothing of the nature of the ground beyond. Gabriel crept till within a hundred and fifty yards of the animal, which now began to move and shew signs of uneasiness. Gabriel gave him a shot: evidently hit, he rose from the ground, whisked his long tail, and looked for a moment inquiringly about him. I still kept my position a few hundred yards from Gabriel, who reloaded his piece. Another shot followed: the buffalo again lashed his sides, and then started off at a rapid gallop, directly towards the sun, evidently wounded, but not seriously hurt.

Roche and I started in pursuit, keeping close together, until we had nearly reached the top of the distant rise in the prairie. Here my horse, being of a superior mettle, passed

that of Roche, and, on reaching the summit, I found the buffalo still galloping rapidly, at a quarter of a mile's distance. The descent of the prairie was very gradual, and I could plainly see every object within five miles. I now applied the spurs to my horse, who dashed madly down the declivity. Giving one look behind, I saw that Roche, or at least his horse, had entirely given up the chase. The prairie was comparatively smooth, and although I dared not to spur my horse to his full speed, I was soon alongside of the huge animal. It was a bull of the largest size, and his bright, glaring eyeballs, peering out from his shaggy frontlet of hair, shewed plainly that he was maddened by his wounds and the hot pursuit.

It was with the greatest difficulty, so fierce did the buffalo look, that I could get my horse within twenty yards of him, and when I fired one of my pistols at that distance, my ball did not take effect. As the chase progressed, my horse came to his work more kindly, and soon

appeared to take a great interest in the exciting race. I let him fall back a little, and then, by dashing the spurs deep into his sides, brought him up directly alongside, and within three or four yards of the infuriated beast.

I fired my other pistol, and the buffalo shrank as the ball struck just behind the long hair on his shoulders. I was under such headway when I fired, that I was obliged to pass the animal, cutting across close to his head, and then again dropping behind. At that moment I lost my rifle, and I had nothing left but my bow and arrows; but by this time I had become so much excited by the chase, that I could not think of giving it up. Still at full speed, I strung my bow, once more put my spurs to my horse, he flew by the buffalo's right side, and I buried my arrow deep into his ribs.

The animal was now frothing and foaming with rage and pain. His eyes were like two deep red balls of fire, his tongue was out and

curling upwards, his long tufted tail curled on high, or lashing madly against his sides. A more wild, and at the same time a more magnificent picture of desperation I had never witnessed.

By this time my horse was completely subjected to my guidance. He no longer pricked his ears with fear, or sheered off as I approached the monster, but, on the contrary, ran directly up, so that I could almost touch the animal while bending my bow. I had five or six more arrows left, but I resolved not to shoot again unless I were certain of touching a vital part, and succeeded at last in hitting him deep betwixt the shoulder and the ribs.

This wound caused the maddened beast to spring backwards, and I dashed past him as he vainly endeavoured to gore and overthrow my horse. The chase was now over, the buffalo stopped and soon rolled on the ground perfectly helpless. I had just finished him with two other arrows, when, for the first time, I

perceived that I was no longer alone. Thirty or forty well-mounted Indians were quietly looking at me in an approving manner, as if congratulating me on my success. They were the Comanches we had been so long seeking for. I made myself known to them, and claimed the hospitality which a year before had been offered to me by their chief, "the white raven." They all surrounded me and welcomed me in the most kind manner. Three of them started to fetch my rifle and to join my companions, who were some eight or nine miles eastward, while I followed my new friends to their encampment, which was but a few miles distant. They had been buffalo hunting, and had just reached the top of the swell when they perceived me and my victim. Of course, I and my two friends were well received in the wigwam, though the chief was absent upon an expedition, and when he returned a few days after, a great feast was given, during which some of the young men sang a

little impromptu poem, on the subject of my recent chase.

The Comanches are a noble and most powerful nation. They have hundreds of villages, between which they are wandering all the year round. They are well armed, and always move in bodies of some hundreds, and even thousands; all active and skilful horsemen, living principally by the chase, and feeding occasionally, during their distant excursions, upon the flesh of the mustang, which, after all, is a delightful food, especially when fat and young. A great council of the whole tribe is held once a year, besides which there are quarterly assemblies, where all important matters are discussed. They have long been hostile to the Mexicans, but are less so now; their hatred having been concentrated upon the Yankees and Texians, whom they consider as brigands. They do not apply themselves to the culture of the ground as the Wakoes, yet they own innumerable herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, which

graze in the northern prairies, and they are indubitably one of the wealthiest people in the world. They have a great profusion of gold, which they obtain from the neighbourhood of the San Seba hills, and work it themselves into bracelets, armlets, diadems, as well as bits for their horses, and ornaments to their saddles. Like all the Shoshones tribe, they are most elegant horsemen, and by dint of caresses and good treatment render the animals so familiar and attached to them, that I have often seen some of them following their masters like dogs, licking their hands and shoulders. The Comanche young women are exquisitely clean, good-looking, and but slightly bronzed; indeed the Spaniards of Andalusia and the Calabrians are darker than they are. Their voice is soft, their motions dignified and graceful; their eyes dark and flashing, when excited, but otherwise mild, with a soft tinge of melancholy. The only fault to be found in them is

that they are inclined to be too stout, arising from their not taking exercise.

The Comanches, like all the tribes of the Shoshone breed, are generous and liberal to excess. You can take what you please from the wigwam—horses, skins, rich furs, gold, any thing, in fact, except their arms and their females, whom they love fondly. Yet they are not jealous; they are too conscious of their own superiority to fear any thing, and besides, they respect too much the weaker sex to harbour any injurious suspicion.

It is a very remarkable fact, that all the tribes who claim any affinity with the Shoshones, the Apaches, the Comanches, and the Pawnies Loups, have always rejected with scorn any kind of spirits when offered to them by the traders. They say that "Shoba-wapo" (the fire-water) is the greatest enemy of the Indian race, and that the Yankees, too cowardly to fight the Indians as men, have invented

this terrible poison to destroy them without danger.

"We hated once the Spaniards and the Watchinangoes (Mexicans)," they say, "but they were honourable men compared with the thieves of Texas. The few among the Spanish race who would fight, did so as warriors; and they had laws among them which punished with death those who would give or sell this poison to the Indians."

The consequence of this abstinence from spirits is, that these Western nations improve and increase rapidly, while, on the contrary, the Eastern tribes, in close contact with the Yankees, gradually disappear. The Sioux, the Osage, the Winnebego, and other Eastern tribes, are very cruel in disposition; they shew no mercy, and consider every means fair, however treacherous, to conquer an enemy. Not so with the Indians to the west of the Rocky Mountains. They have a spirit of chivalry,

which prevents them taking any injurious advantage.

As I have before observed, an Indian will never fire his rifle upon an enemy who is armed only with his lance, bow, and arrows; or if he does, and kills him, he will not take his scalp, as it would constantly recal to his mind that he had killed a defenceless foe. Private encounters with their enemies, the Navahoes and Arrapahoes, are conducted as tournaments in the days of yore. Two Indians will run full speed against each other with their well-poised lance; on their shields, with equal skill, they will receive the blow; then, turning round, they will salute each other as a mark of esteem from one brave foe to another.

Such incidents happen daily, but they will not be believed by the Europeans, who have the vanity of considering themselves alone as possessing "*le sentiment du chevalresque et du beau*:" besides, they are accustomed to read

so many horrible accounts of massacres committed by the savages, that the idea of a red skin is always associated in their mind with the picture of burning stakes and slow torture. It is a mistake, and a sad one; would to God that our highly civilized nation of Europe had to answer for no more cruelties than those perpetrated by the numerous gallant tribes of western America.

I was present one day when a military party came from Fort Bent, on the head of the Arkansa, to offer presents and make proposals of peace to the Comanche council. The commander made a long speech, after which he offered I don't know how many hundred gallons of whisky. One of the ancient chiefs had not patience to hear any more, and he rose full of indignation. His name was Auku-wonze-zee, that is to say, "he who is superlatively old."

"Silence," he said; "speak no more, double-tongued Oposh-ton-ehoc (Yankee). Why comest thou, false-hearted, to pour thy deceitful words

upon near our village. Away with you all, now and for ever! I have said!!!"

The American force was numerous and well armed, and a moment, a single moment, deeply wounded by these bitter taunts, they looked as if they would fight and die to resent the insult; but it was only a transient feeling, for they had their orders and they went away, scorned and humiliated. Perhaps, too, an inward voice whispered to them that they deserved their shame and humiliation; perhaps the contrast of their conduct with that of the savages awakened in them some better feeling, which had a long time remained dormant, and they were now disgusted with themselves and their odious policy.

As it was, they departed in silence, and the last of their line had vanished under the horizon before the Indians could smother the indignation and resentment which the strangers had excited within their hearts. Days, how-

ever, passed away, and with them the recollection of the event. Afterwards, I chanced to meet, in the Arkansas, with the Colonel who commanded; he was giving a very strange version of his expedition, and as I heard facts so distorted, I could not help repeating to myself the words of Auku-wonze-zee, "The Oposh-ton-ehoc is a double-tongued liar!"

CHAPTER VI.

One morning, Roche, Gabriel, and myself were summoned to the Great Council Lodge; there we met with the four Comanches whom we had rescued some days before, and it would be difficult to translate from their glowing language their warm expressions of friendship and gratitude. We learned from them that before the return of the Cayugas from the prairie they had concealed themselves in some crevices of the earth until night, when they contrived to seize upon three of the horses and effect their escape. At the passage of the great chasm they had found the old red sash of Roche, which they produced, asking at

the same time permission to keep it as a token from their Pale-face brothers. We shook hands and exchanged pipes. How noble and warm is an Indian in his feelings!

In the lodge we also perceived our friend of former days, "Opishka Koaki" (the White Raven), but as he was about to address the assembly, we restrained from renewing our acquaintance and directed all our attention to what was transacting. After the ordinary ceremonies, Opishka Koaki commenced:—

"Warriors, I am glad you have so quickly understood my messages, but when does a Comanche turn his back on receiving the vermilion from his chief? Never! You know I called you for war, and you have come; 'tis well. Yet, though I am a chief, I am a man. I may mistake; I may now and then strike a wrong path. I will do nothing, attempt nothing, without knowing the thoughts of my brave warriors. Then hear me!

"There live under the sun a nation of Red-

skins, whose men are cowards. Never striking an enemy but when his back is turned, or when they number a hundred to one. This nation crawls in the prairies about the great chasms, they live upon carrion, and have no other horses but those they can steal from the deer-hearted Watchinangoes. Do my warriors know such a people? Let them speak! I hear!"

At that moment a hundred voices shouted the name of Cayugas.

"I knew it!" exclaimed the chief, "there is but one such a people with a red skin; my warriors are keen-sighted, they cannot be mistaken. Now, we Comanches never take the scalp of a Cayuga any more than that of a hedge-hog; we kick them out of our way when they cross our path; that's all. Hear me, my braves, and believe me, though I will speak strange words: these reptiles have thought that because we have not killed them as toads and scorpions, it was because we were afraid

of their poison. One thousand Cayugas, among other prisoners, have taken eight Comanches; they have eaten four of them, they would have eaten them all, but the braves escaped; they are here. Now, is an impure Cayuga a fit tomb for the body of a Comanche warrior? No! I read the answer in your burning eyes. What then shall we do? Shall we chastise them and give their carcasses to the crows and wolves? What say my warriors: let them speak? I hear!"

All were silent, though it was evident that their feelings had been violently agitated. At last, an old chief rose and addressed Opishka:

"Great chief," said he, "why askest thou? Can a Comanche and warrior think in any way but one? Look at them! See you not into their hearts? Perceive you not how fast the blood runs into their veins? Why ask? I say; thou knowest well their hearts' voice is but the echo of thine own. Say but a word, say,

'Let us go to the Cayugas!' Thy warriors will answer: 'We are ready, shew us the path!' Chief of a mighty nation, thou hast heard my voice, and in my voice are heard the thousand voices of thy thousand warriors."

Opishka Koaki rose again. "I knew it, but I wanted to hear it, for it does my heart good; it makes me proud to command so many brave warriors. Then to-morrow we start, and we will hunt the Cayugas even to the deepest of their burrows. I have said!"

Then the four rescued prisoners recounted how they had been taken, and what sufferings they had undergone. They spoke of their unfortunate companions and of their horrible fate, which they should have also shared had it not been for the courage of the three Pale-face brothers, who killed five Cayugas, and cut their bonds; they themselves killed five more of their cowardly foes and escaped, but till to-

day they had had no occasion of telling to their tribe the bravery and generosity of the three Pale-faces.

At this narrative all the warriors, young and old, looked as though they were personally indebted to us, and would have come, one and all, to shake our hands, had it not been for the inviolable rules of the council lodge, which forbids any kind of disorder. It is probable that the scene had been prepared beforehand by the excellent chief who wished to introduce us to his warriors under advantageous circumstances. He waved his hand to claim attention, and spoke again.

"It is now twelve moons, it is more! I met Owato Wanisha and his two brothers. He is a chief of the great Shoshones, who are our grandfathers, far—far under the setting of the sun beyond the big mountains. His two brothers are two great warriors from powerful nations far in the east and beyond the Sioux,

the Chippewas beyond the 'Oposh-ton-ehoc,'* even beyond the deep salt-water. One is a 'Shakanah' (Englishman), the other a 'Naimewa' from the 'Maha-mate-kosh-ehoj' (an exile from the French). They are good and they are brave: they have learned wisdom from the 'Macota Konayas' (priests), and Owato Wanisha knows how to build strong forts, which he can better defend than the Watchinangoes have defended theirs. I have invited him and his brother to come and taste the buffalo of our prairies, to ride our horses, and smoke the calumet of friendship. They have come, and will remain with us till we ourselves go to the big stony river (the Colorado of the West). They have come; they are our guests; the best we can command is their own already; but they are chiefs and warriors. A chief is a chief everywhere. We must treat them as chiefs, and let them select a band of warriors

* Americans.

for themselves to follow them till they go away from us.

"You have heard what our scouts have said; they would have been eaten by the Cayugas, had it not been for our guests, who have preserved not only the lives of four men—that is nothing—but the honour of the tribe. I need say no more; I know my young men; I know my warriors; I know they will love the strangers as chiefs and brothers. I have said."

Having thus spoken, he walked slowly out of the lodge, which was immediately deserted for the green lawn before the village. There we were sumptuously entertained by all the principal chiefs and warriors of the tribe, after which they conducted us to a new tent, which they had erected for us in the middle of their principal square. There we found also six magnificent horses, well caparisoned, tied to the posts of the tent; they were the presents of the chiefs. At a few steps from the door was an immense shield, suspended upon four

posts, and on which a beaver, the head of an eagle, and the claws of a bear were admirably painted—the first totem for me, the second for Gabriel, and the third for Roche. We gratefully thanked our hospitable hosts, and retired to rest in our rich and elegant dwelling.

The next morning, we awoke just in time to witness the ceremony of departure; a war party, already on horseback, was waiting for their chief. At the foot of our shield were one hundred lances, whose owners belonged to the family and kindred of the Indians whom we had rescued from the Cayugas. A few minutes afterwards, the owners of the weapons appeared in the square, well mounted and armed, to place themselves at our entire disposal. We could not put our authority to a better use than by joining our friends in their expedition, so when the chief arrived, surrounded by the elders of the tribe, Gabriel advanced towards him.

"Chief," he said, "and wise men of a brave

nation, you have conferred upon us a trust of which we are proud. To Owato Wanisha, perhaps, it was due, for he is mighty in his tribe; but I and the Shakanah are no chiefs. We will not decline your favour, but we must deserve it. The young beaver will remain in the village, to learn the wisdom of your old men, but the eagle and the bear must, and will accompany you in your expedition. You have given them brave warriors, who would scorn to remain at home; we will follow you."

This proposition was received with flattering acclamations, and the gallant army soon afterwards left the village on its mission of revenge.

The Cayugas were, before that expedition, a powerful tribe, about whom little or nothing had ever been written or known. In their customs and manners of living, they resemble in every way the Club Indians of the Colorado, who were destroyed by the small-pox. They led a wandering prairie life, but generally were too cowardly to fight well, and too inexpert in

hunting to surround themselves with comforts, even in the midst of plenty. Like the Clubs, they are cannibals, though, I suspect, they would not eat a white man. They have but few horses, and these only when they could be procured by stealth, for, almost always starving, they could not afford to breed them, always eating the colts before they could be useful.

Their grounds lie in the vicinity of the great fork of the Rio Puerco, by lat. 35° and long. 105° from Greenwich. The whole nation do not possess half a dozen of rifles, most all of them being armed with clubs, bows, and arrows. Some old Comanches have assured me that the Cayuga country abounds with fine gold.

While I was with the Comanches, waiting the return of the expedition, I had an accident which nearly cost me my life. Having learned that there were many fine basses to be fished in a stream some twenty miles off, I started on horseback, with a view of passing the night

there. I took with me a buffalo-hide, a blanket, and a tin cup, and two hours before sunset I arrived at the spot.

As the weather had been dry for some time, I could not pick any worms, so I thought of killing some bird or other small animal, whose flesh would answer for bait. Not falling in with any birds, I determined to seek for a rabbit or a frog. To save time, I lighted a fire, put my water to boil, spread my hide and blanket, arranged my saddle for a pillow, and then went in search of bait, and sassafras to make tea with.

While looking for sassafras, I perceived a nest upon a small oak near to the stream. I climbed to take the young ones, obtained two, which I put in my round jacket, and looked about me to see where I should jump upon the ground. After much turning about, I suspended myself by the hands from a hanging branch, and allowed myself to drop down. My left foot fell flat, but under the soft sole

of my right mocassin I felt something alive, heaving or rolling. At a glance, I perceived that my foot was on the body of a large rattle-snake, with his head just forcing itself from under my heel.

Thus taken by surprise, I stood motionless and with my heart throbbing. The reptile worked itself free, and twisting round my leg, almost in a second, bit me two or three times. The sharp pain which I felt from the fangs recalled me to consciousness, and though I felt convinced that I was lost, I resolved that my destroyer should die also. With my bowie knife I cut its body into a hundred pieces; walked away very sad and gloomy, and sat upon my blanket near the fire.

How rapid and tumultuous were my thoughts! To die so young, and such a dog's death! My mind reverted to the happy scenes of my early youth, when I had a mother, and played so merrily among the golden grapes of sunny France, and when later I wandered with my

father in the Holy Land, in Italy and Egypt. I also thought of the Shoshones, of Roche and Gabriel, and I sighed. It was a moral agony; for the physical pain had subsided, and my leg was almost benumbed by paralysis.

The sun went down, and the last carmine tinges of his departed glory reminded me how soon my sun would set; then the big burning tears smothered me, for I was young, very young, and I could not command the courage and resignation to die such a horrible death. Had I been wounded in the field, leading my brave Shoshones, and hallooing the war-whoop, I would have cared very little about it; but thus, like a dog! It was horrible! and I dropped my head upon my knees, thinking how few hours I had now to live.

I was awakened from that absorbing torpor by my poor horse, who was busy licking my ears. The faithful animal suspected something was wrong, for usually at such a time I would

sing Spanish ditties or some Indian war songs. Sunset was also the time when I brushed and patted him. The intelligent brute knew that I suffered, and in its own way shewed me that it participated in my affliction. My water too was boiling on the fire, and the bubbling of the water seemed to be a voice raised on purpose to divert my gloomy thoughts. "Aye, boil, bubble, evaporate," exclaimed I; "what do I care for water or tea now?"

Scarcely had I finished these words when, turning suddenly my head round, my attention was attracted by an object before me, and a gleam of hope irradiated my gloomy mind: close to my feet I beheld five or six stems of the rattlesnake master weed. I well knew the plant, but I had been incredulous as to its properties. Often had I heard the Indians speaking of its virtues, but I had never believed them. "A drowning man will seize at a floating straw." By a violent effort I got up on my legs, went to fetch my knife, which I

had left near the dead snake, and I commenced digging for two or three of the roots, with all the energy of despair.

These roots I cut into small slices, and threw them in the boiling water. It soon produced a dark green decoction, which I swallowed; it was evidently a powerful alcali, strongly impregnated with a flavour of turpentine. I then cut my mocassin, for my foot was already swollen to twice its ordinary size, bathed the wounds with a few drops of the liquid, and, chewing some of the slices, I applied them as a poultice, and tied them on with my scarf and handkerchief. I then put some more water to boil, and, half an hour afterwards, having drank another pint of the bitter decoction, I drew my blanket over me. In a minute or less after the second draught, my brains whirled and a strange dizziness overtook me, which was followed by a powerful perspiration, and soon afterwards all was blank.

The next morning, I was awakened by my

horse again licking me; he wondered why I slept so late. I felt my head ache dreadfully, and I perceived that the burning rays of the sun for the last two hours had been darting upon my uncovered face. It was some time before I could collect my thoughts and make out where I was. At last, the memory of the dreadful incident of the previous evening broke upon my mind, and I regretted I had not died during my unconsciousness; for I thought that the weakness I felt was an effect of the poison, and that I should have to undergo an awful lingering death. Yet all around me, nature was smiling; thousands of birds were singing their morning concert, and, at a short distance, the low and soft murmuring of the stream reminded me of my excessive thirst. Alas! well hath the Italian bard sung:—

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che riccordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria!"—DANTE.

As I lay and reflected upon my utter helpless-

ness, again my heart swelled, and my tears flowed freely. Thirst, however, gave me the courage which the freshness and beauty of nature had not been able to inspire me with. I thought of attempting to rise to fetch some water; but first I slowly passed my hand down my thigh, to feel my knee. I thought the inflammation would have rendered it as thick as my waist. My hand was upon my knee, and so sudden was the shock that my heart ceased to beat. Joy can be most painful; for I felt an acute pang through my breast, as from a blow of a dagger. When I moved my finger across the cap of my knee, it was quite free from inflammation, and perfectly sound. Again there was a re-action. Aye, thought I, 'tis all on the ancle; how can I escape? Is not the poison a deadly one? I dared not throw away the blanket and investigate further; I felt weaker and weaker, and again covered my head to sleep.

I did sleep, and when I awoke this time I

felt myself a little invigorated, though my lips and tongue were quite parched. I remembered every thing; down my hand slided; I could not reach my ancle, so I put up my knee. I removed the scarf and the poultice of master weed. My handkerchief was full of a dried, green, glutinous matter, and the wounds looked clean. Joy gave me strength. I went to the stream, drank plentifully, and washed. I still felt very feverish; and, although I was safe from the immediate effects of the poison, I knew that I had yet to suffer. Grateful to Heaven for my preservation, I saddled my faithful companion, and, wrapping myself closely in my buffalo hide, I set off to the Comanche camp. My senses had left me before I arrived there. They found me on the ground, and my horse standing by me.

Fifteen days afterwards I awoke to consciousness, a weak and emaciated being. During this whole time, I had been raving under a cerebral fever, death hovering over me.

It appears that I had received a *coup-de-soleil* in addition to my other mischances.

When I returned to consciousness, I was astonished to see Gabriel and Roche by my side; the expedition had returned triumphant. The Cayugas' villages had been burnt, almost all their warriors destroyed, and those who remained had sought a shelter in the fissures of the earth, or in the passes of the mountains unknown to any but themselves. Two of the Mexican girls had also been rescued, but what had become of the others they could not tell.

The kindness and cares of my friends, with the invigorating influence of a beautiful clime, soon restored me to comparative health, but it was a long time before I was strong enough to ride and resume my former exercise. During that time Gabriel made frequent excursions to the southern and even to the Mexican settlements, and on the return from his last trip he brought up news which caused the Indians for that year to forsake their hunting, and remain

at home. General Lamar and his associates had hit upon a plan not only treacherous, but in open defiance of all the laws of nations. But what, indeed, could be expected from a people who murdered their guests, invited by them and under the sanction of a white flag? I refer to the massacre of the Comanche chiefs at San Antonio.

The President of Mexico, Bustamente, had a view to a cessation of hostilities with Texas. The Texians had sent ambassadors to negotiate a recognition and treaty of alliance and friendship with other nations; they had despatched Hamilton in England to supplicate the cabinet of St. James to lend its mighty influence towards the recognition of Texas by Mexico; and while these negotiations were pending and the peace with Mexico still in force, Lamar, in defiance of all good faith and honour, was secretly preparing an expedition, which, under the disguise of a mercantile caravan, was intended to conquer Santa Fé and all the north-

ern Mexican provinces. This expedition of the Texians, as it would pass through the territory of the Comanches, whose villages, &c., if unprotected, would, in all probability, have been plundered, and their women and children murdered, induced the Comanches to break up their camp, and return home as speedily as possible.

CHAPTER VII.

During my convalescence, my tent, or I should say, the lawn before it, became a kind of general divan, where the warriors and elders of the tribe would assemble, to smoke and relate the strange stories of days gone by. Some of them appeared to me particularly beautiful; I shall, therefore, narrate them to the reader. One old chief began as follows:—

"I will tell ye of the Shkote-nah Pish-kuan, or the boat of fire, when I saw it for the first time. Since that, the grass has withered fifteen times in the prairies, and I have grown weak and old. Then I was a warrior, and many scalps have I taken on the eastern shores

of the Sabine. Then, also, the Pale-faces, living in the prairies, were good; we fought them because we were enemies, but they never stole any thing from us, nor we from them.

"Well, at that time, we were once in the spring hunting the buffalo. The Caddoes, who are now a small tribe of starved dogs, were then a large powerful nation, extending from the Cross Timbers to the waters of the great stream, in the East, but they were gamblers and drunkards; they would sell all their furs for the '*Shoba-wapo*' (fire-water), and return to their villages to poison their squaws, and make brutes of their children. Soon they got nothing more to sell, and as they could not now do without the 'Shoba-wapo,' they began to steal. They would steal the horses and oxen of the Pale-faces, and say 'The Comanches did it.' When they killed trappers or travellers, they would go to the fort of the Yankees and say to them, 'Go to the wigwams of the Comanches, and you will see the scalps

of your friends hanging upon long poles.' But we did not care, for we knew it was not true.

"A long time passed away, when the evil spirit of the Caddoes whispered to them to come to the villages of the Comanches while they were hunting, and to take away with them all that they could. They did so, entering the war-path as foxes and owls, during night. When they arrived, they found nothing but squaws, old women, and little children. Yet these fought well, and many of the Caddoes were killed before they abandoned their loges. They soon found us out in the hunting ground, and our great chief ordered me to start with five hundred warriors, and never return until the Caddoes should have no home, and wander like deer and starved wolves in the open prairie.

"I followed the track; first, I burnt their great villages in the Cross Timbers, and then pursued them in the swamps and cane brakes of the East, where they concealed themselves

among the long lizards of the water (the alligators). We, however, came up with them again, and they crossed the Sabine, to take shelter among the Yankees, where they had another village, which was their largest and their richest. We followed, and on the very shores of their river, although a thousand miles from our own country, and where the waters are dyed with the red clay of the soil, we encamped round their wigwams and prepared to conquer.

"It was at the gloomy season, when it rains night and day; the river was high, the earth damp, and our young braves shivering, even under their blankets. It was evening, when, far to the south, above one of the windings of the stream, I saw a thick black smoke rising as a tall pine among the clouds, and I watched it closely. It came towards us, and as the sky darkened and night came on, sparks of fire shewed the progress of the strange sight. Soon noises were heard, like those of the mountains when the evil spirits are shaking them; the

sounds were awful, solemn, and regular, like the throbs of a warrior's heart; and now and then a sharp, shrill scream would rend the air and awake other terrible voices in the forest.

"It came, and deer, bears, panthers were passing among us, madly flying before the dreaded unknown. It came, it flew, nearer and nearer, till we saw it plainly with its two big mouths, spitting fire like the burning mountains of the West. It rained very hard, and yet we saw all. It was like a long fish, shaped like a canoe, and its sides had many eyes, full of bright light as the stars above.

"I saw no one with the monster; he was alone, breaking the waters and splashing them with his arms, his legs, or his fins. On the top, and it was very high, there was a square lodge. Once I thought I could see a man in it, but it was a fancy, or perhaps the soul of the thing, watching from its hiding-place for a prey which it might seize upon. Happily it was dark, very dark, and being in a hollow along the

banks, we could not be perceived; and the dreadful thing passed.

"The Caddoes uttered a loud scream of fear and agony; their hearts were melted. We said nothing, for we were Comanches and warriors, and yet I felt strange and was fixed to where I stood. A man is but a man, and even a Red-skin cannot struggle with a spirit. The scream of the Caddoes, however, frightened the monster, its flanks opened and discharged some tremendous Anim Tekis (thunders) on the village. I heard the crashing of the logs, the splitting of the hides covering the lodges, and when the smoke was all gone, it left a smell of powder; the monster was far, far off, and there was no trace of it left, except the moans of the wounded and the lamentation of the squaws among the Caddoes.

"I and my young men soon recovered our senses; we entered the village, burnt every thing, and killed the warriors. They would

not fight, but as they were thieves, we destroyed them. We returned to our own villages, every one of us with many scalps, and since that time the Caddoes have never been a nation; they wander from north to south, and from east to west; they have huts made with the bark of trees, or they take shelter in the burrows of the prairie dogs, with the owls and the snakes; but they have no lodges, no wigwams, no villages. Thus may it be with all the foes of our great nation."

This is an historical fact. The steamboat Beaver made its first exploration upon the Red River, some eighty miles above the French settlement of Nachitochy, just at the very time that the Comanches were attacking the last Caddoe village upon the banks of the Red River. These poor savages yelled with terror when the strange mass passed thus before them, and, either from wanton cruelty or from fear of an attack, the boat fired four

guns, loaded with grape-shot, upon the village, from which they were not a hundred yards distant.

The following is a narrative of events which happened in the time of Mosh Kohta (buffalo), a great chief, hundreds of years ago, when the unfortunate La Salle was shipwrecked upon the coast of Texas, while endeavouring to discover the mouth of the Mississippi. Such records are very numerous among the great prairie tribes; they bear sometimes the Ossianic type, and are related every evening during the month of February, when the "Divines" and the elders of the nation teach to the young men the traditions of former days.

"It was in the time of a chief, a great chief, strong, cunning, and wise, a chief of many bold deeds, his name was Mosh Kohta.

"It is a long while! No Pale-faces dwelt in the land of plenty (the translation of the Indian word Texas); our grandfathers had just received it from the Great Spirit, and they had

come from the setting of the sun across the big mountains to take possession. We were a great nation—we are so now, we have always been so, and we will ever be. At that time, also, our tribe spread all along the western shores of the great stream Mississippi, for no Pale-face had yet settled upon it. We were a great people, ruled by a mighty chief; the earth, the trees, the rivers, and the air know his name. Is there a place in the mountains or the prairies where the name of Mosh Kohta has not been pronounced and praised?

"At that time a strange warlike people of the Pale-faces broke their big canoes along our coasts of the South, and they all landed on the shore, well armed with big guns and long rifles, but they had nothing to eat. These were the *Mahamate-kosh-ehoj* (the French); their chief was a good man, a warrior, and a great traveller; he had started from the northern territories of the Algonquins, to go across the salt water in far distant

lands, and bring back with him many good things which the Red-skins wanted:—warm blankets to sleep upon, flints to strike a fire, axes to cut the trees, and knives to skin the bear and the buffalo. He was a good man and loved the Indians, for they also were good, and good people will always love each other.

"He met with Mosh Kohta; our warriors would not fight the strangers, for they were hungry and their voices were soft; they were also too few to be feared, though their courage seemed great under misfortune, and they would sing and laugh while they suffered. We gave them food, we helped them to take from the waters the planks of their big canoe and to build the first wigwam in which the Pale-faces ever dwelt in Texas. Two moons they remained hunting the buffalo with our young men, till at last their chief and his bravest warriors started in some small canoes of ours, to see if they could not enter the

great stream, by following the coast towards the sunrise. He was gone four moons, and when he returned, he had lost half of his men, by sickness, hunger, and fatigue; yet Mosh Kohta bade him not despair; the great chief promised the Pale-faces to conduct them in the spring to the great stream, and for several more moons we lived all together, as braves and brothers should. Then, for the first time also, the Comanches got some of their rifles, and others knives. Was it good—was it bad? Who knows? Yet the lance and arrows killed as many buffaloes as lead and black dust (powder), and the squaws could take off the skin of a deer or a beaver without knives. How they did it, no one knows now, but they did it, though they had not yet seen the keen and sharp knives of the Pale-faces.

"However, it was not long time before many of the strangers tired of remaining so far from their wigwams: their chief every morning would look for hours towards the rising of the

sun, as if the eyes of his soul could see through the immensity of the prairies; he became gloomy as a man of dark deeds (a Médecin), and one day, with half of his men, he began a long inland trail across prairies, swamps, and rivers, so much did he dread to die far from his lodge. Yet he did die: not of sickness, not of hunger, but under the knife of another Pale-face; and he was the first one from strange countries whose bones blanched without burial in the waste. Often the evening breeze whispers his name along the swells of the southern plains, for he was a brave man, and no doubt he is now smoking with his great Manitou.

"Well, he started. At that time the buffalo and the deer were plentiful, and the men went on their trail gaily till they reached the river of many forks (Trinity River), for they knew that every day brought them nearer and nearer to the forts of their people, though it was yet a long way—very long. The Pale-face chief

had a son with him; a noble youth, fair to look upon, active, and strong: the Comanches loved him. Mosh Kohta had advised him to distrust two of his own warriors; but he was young and generous, incapable of wrong or cowardice; he would not suspect it in others, especially among men of his own colour and nation, who had shared his toils, his dangers, his sorrows, and his joys.

"Now these two warriors our great chief had spoken of were bad men and very greedy; they were ambitious too, and believed that, by killing their chief and his son, they would themselves command the band. One evening, while they were all eating the meal of friendship, groans were heard—a murder had been committed. The other warriors sprang up; they saw their chief dead, and the two warriors coming towards them; their revenge was quick—quick as that of the panther: the two base warriors were killed.

"Then there was a great fight among the

Pale-face band, in which many were slain; but the young man and some other braves escaped from their enemies, and, after two moons, reached the Arkansas, where they found their friends and some Makota Conayas (priests—black-gowns). The remainder of the band who left us, and who murdered their chief, our ancestors destroyed like reptiles, for they were venomous and bad. The other half of the Pale-faces, who had remained behind in their wood wigwams, followed our tribe to our great villages, became Comanches, and took squaws. Their children and grandchildren have formed a good and brave nation; they are paler than the Comanches, but their heart is all the same; and often in the hunting-grounds they join our hunters, partake of the same meals, and agree like brothers. These are the nation of the Wakoes, not far in the south, upon the trail of the Cross Timbers. But who knows not the Wakoes? — even children can go to their hospitable lodges."

This episode is historical. In the early months of 1684, four vessels left La Rochelle, in France, for the colonization of the Mississippi, bearing two hundred and eighty persons. The expedition was commanded by La Salle, who brought with him his nephew, Moranget. After a delay at Santo Domingo, which lasted two years, the expedition, missing the mouth of the Mississippi, entered the Bay of Matagorda, where they were shipwrecked. "There," says Bancroft, in his History of America, "under the suns of June, with timber felled in an inland grove, and dragged for a league over the prairie grass, the colonists prepared to build a shelter, La Salle being the architect, and himself making the beams, and tenons, and mortises."

This is the settlement which made Texas a part of Louisiana. La Salle proposed to seek the Mississippi in the canoes of the Indians, who had shewn themselves friendly, and, after an absence of about four months, and the loss

of thirty men, he returned in rags, having failed to find "the fatal river." The eloquent American historian gives him a noble character:—"On the return of La Salle," says he, "he learned that a mutiny had broken out among his men, and they had destroyed a part of the colony's provisions. Heaven and man seemed his enemies, and, with the giant energy of an indomitable will, having lost his hopes of fortune, his hopes of fame, with his colony diminished to about one hundred, among whom discontent had given birth to plans of crime—with no European nearer than the river Pamuco, and no French nearer than the northern shores of the Mississippi, he resolved to travel on foot to his countrymen in the North, and renew his attempts at colonization."

It appears that La Salle left sixty men behind him, and on the 20th of March, 1686, after a buffalo-hunt, he was murdered by Duhaut and L'Archevêque, two adventurers, who had em-

barked their capital in the enterprise. They had long shewn a spirit of mutiny, and the malignity of disappointed avarice so maddened them, that they murdered their unfortunate commander.

I will borrow a page of Bancroft, who is more explicit than the Comanche chroniclers.

"Leaving sixty men at Fort St. Louis, in January, 1687, La Salle, with the other portion of his men, departed for Canada. Lading their baggage on the wild horses from the Cenis, which found their pasture everywhere in the prairies, in shoes made of green buffalo hides; for want of other paths, following the track of the buffalo, and using skins as the only shelter against rain, winning favour with the savages by the confiding courage of their leader—they ascended the streams towards the first ridges of highlands, walking through beautiful plains and groves, among deer and buffaloes,—now fording the clear rivulets, now building a bridge

by felling a giant tree across a stream, till they had passed the basin of the Colorado, and in the upland country had reached a branch of the Trinity River.

" In the little company of wanderers there were two men, Duhaut and L'Archevêque, who had embarked their capital in the enterprise. Of these, Duhaut had long shewn a spirit of mutiny; the base malignity of disappointed avarice, maddened by sufferings and impatient of control, awakened the fiercest passions of ungovernable hatred. Inviting Moranget to take charge of the fruits of a buffalo-hunt, they quarrelled with him and murdered him.

" Wondering at the delay of his nephew's return, La Salle, on the 20th of March, went to seek him. At the brink of the river, he observed eagles hovering, as if over carrion, and he fired an alarm-gun. Warned by the sound, Duhaut and L'Archevêque crossed the river; the former skulked in the prairie grass;

of the latter, La Salle asked, 'Where is my nephew?' At the moment of the answer, Duhaut fired; and, without uttering a word, La Salle fell dead. 'You are down now, grand bashaw! You are down now!' shouted one of the conspirators, as they despoiled his remains, which were left on the prairie, naked and without burial, to be devoured by wild beasts.

"Such was the end of this daring adventurer. For force of will and vast conceptions; for various knowledge, and quick adaptation of his genius to untried circumstances; for a sublime magnanimity, that resigned itself to the will of Heaven, and yet triumphed over affliction by energy of purpose and unfaltering hope,—he had no superior among his countrymen. He had won the affection of the Governor of Canada, the esteem of Colbert, the confidence of Seignelay, the favour of Louis XIV. After beginning the colonization of

Upper Canada, he perfected the discovery of the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to its mouth; and he will be remembered through all times as the father of colonization in the great central valley of the West."

Jontel, with the brother and son of La Salle, and others, but seven in all, obtained a guide from the Indians for the Arkansas, and, fording torrents, crossing ravines, making a ferry over rivers with rafts or boats of buffalo hides, without meeting the cheering custom of the calumet, till they reached the country above the Red River, and leaving an esteemed companion in a wilderness grave, on the 24th of July, came upon a branch of the Mississippi. There they beheld on an island a large cross: never did Christians gaze on that emblem with more deep-felt emotion. Near it stood a log hut, tenanted by two Frenchmen. A missionary, of the name of Tonti, had descended that river, and, full of grief at not finding

La Salle, had established a post near the Arkansas.

As the reader may perceive, there is not much difference between our printed records and the traditions of the Comanches.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was during my convalescence that the fate of the Texian expedition to Santa Fé was decided; and as the real facts have been studiously concealed, and my intelligence, gained from the Indians, who were disinterested parties, was afterwards fully corroborated by an Irish gentleman who had been persuaded to join it, I may as well relate them here. Assuming the character of friendly traders, with some hundred dollars' worth of goods, as a blind to their real intentions, which were to surprise the Mexicans during the neutrality which had been agreed upon, about five hun-

dred men were collected at Austin, for the expedition.

Although the report was everywhere circulated, that this was to be a trading experiment, the expedition, when it quitted Austin, certainly wore a very different appearance. The men had been supplied with uniforms; generals, and colonels, and majors were dashing about in every direction, and they quitted the capital of Texas with drums beating and colours flying. Deceived by the Texians, a few respectable Europeans were induced to join this expedition, either for scientific research or the desire to visit a new and unexplored country, under such protection, little imagining that they had associated themselves with a large band of robbers, for no other name can be given to these lawless plunderers. But if the force made a tolerable appearance on its quitting the capital, a few hours' march put an end to all discipline and restraint.

Although the country abounded with game,

and it was killed from mere wantonness, such was their improvidence, that they were obliged to resort to their salt pork and other provisions; and as, in thirty days, forty large casks of whisky were consumed, it is easy to suppose, which was indeed the fact, that every night that they halted, the camp was a scene of drunkenness and riot.

During the last few days of the march through the game country, they killed more than a hundred buffaloes, yet, three days after they had quitted the prairies and had entered the dreary northern deserts, they had no provisions left, and were compelled to eat their worn-out and miserable horses.

A true account of their horrible sufferings would beggar all description; they became so weak and so utterly helpless, that half-a-dozen Mexicans, well mounted, could have destroyed them all. Yet, miserable as they were, and under the necessity of conciliating the Indians, they could not forego their piratical and thiev-

ing propensities. They fell upon a small village of the Wakoes, whose warriors and hunters were absent, and, not satisfied with taking away all the eatables they could carry, they amused themselves with firing the Indian stores and shooting the children, and did not leave until the village was reduced to a heap of burning ashes. This act of cowardice sealed the fate of the expedition, which was so constantly harassed by the Wakoe warriors, and had lost already so many scalps, that afterwards, meeting with a small party of Mexicans, they surrendered to them, that they might escape the well-deserved and unrelenting vengeance of the warlike Wakoes.

Such was the fate of the Texian expedition; but there is another portion of the history which has been much talked of in the United States; I mean the history of their captivity and sufferings, while on their road from Santa Fé to Mexico. Mr. Daniel Webster hath made it a government question, and Mr. Pa-

kenham, the British ambassador in Mexico, has employed all the influence of his own position to restore to freedom the half-dozen of Englishmen who had joined the expedition. Of course, they knew nothing of the circumstances, except from the report of the Texians themselves. Now it is but just that the Mexicans' version should be heard also. The latter is the true one, at least so far as I can judge by what I saw, what I heard upon the spot, and from some Mexican documents yet in my possession.

The day before their capture, the Texians, who for the last thirteen days had suffered all the pangs of hunger, came suddenly upon a flock of several thousand sheep, belonging to the Mexican government. As usual, the flock was under the charge of a Mexican family, living in a small covered waggon, in which they could remove from spot to spot, shifting the pasture-ground as required. In that country, but very few individuals are employed to keep the

largest herds of animals; but they are always accompanied by a number of noble dogs, which appear to be particularly adapted to protect and guide the animals. These dogs do not run about; they never bark or bite, but, on the contrary, they will walk gently up to any one of the flock that happens to stray, take it carefully by the ear, and lead it back to its companions. The sheep do not shew the least fear of these dogs, nor is there any occasion for it. These useful guardians are a cross of the Newfoundland and St. Bernard breed, of a very large size, and very sagacious.

Now, if the Texians had asked for a hundred sheep, either for money or in barter (a sheep is worth about sixpence), they would have been supplied directly; but as soon as the flock was perceived, one of the Texian leaders exclaimed, with an oath, "Mexicans' property, and a welcome booty; upon it, my boys, upon it, and no mercy." One of the poor Mexicans who had charge was shot through the head, the others

succeeded in escaping by throwing themselves down among the thick ranks of the frightened animals, till out of rifle distance; then began a carnage without discrimination, and the Texians never ceased firing, until the prairie was for miles covered with the bodies of their victims. Yet this grand victory was not purchased without a severe loss, for the dogs defended the property intrusted to their care; they scorned to run away, and before they could all be killed, they had torn to pieces half-a-dozen of the Texians, and dreadfully lacerated as many more. The evening was, of course, spent in revelry: the dangers and fatigues, the delays and vexations of the march were now considered over, and high were their anticipations of the rich plunder in perspective. But this was the only feat accomplished by this Texian expedition: the Mexicans had not been deceived; they had had intelligence of the real nature of the expedition, and advanced parties had been sent out to announce its approach.

Twenty-four hours after they had regaled themselves with mutton, one of these parties, amounting to about one hundred men, made its appearance. All the excitement of the previous evening had evaporated, the Texians sent out a flag of truce, and three hundred of them surrendered themselves unconditionally to this small Mexican force.

On one point the European nations have been much deceived, which is as to the character of the Mexican soldier, who appears to be looked upon with a degree of contempt. This is a great mistake, but it has arisen from the false reports and unfounded aspersions of the Texians, as to the result of many of their engagements. I can boldly assert (although opposed to them) that there is not a braver individual in the world than the Mexican; in my opinion, far superior to the Texian, although probably not equal to him in the knowledge and use of fire-arms.

One great cause of the Mexican army having

occasionally met with defeat, is that the Mexicans, who are of the oldest and best Castile blood, retain the pride of the Spanish race to an absurd degree. The sons of the old nobility are appointed as officers; they learn nothing, know nothing of military tactics—they know how to die bravely, and that is all.

The battle of St. Jacinta, which decided the separation of Texas, has been greatly cried up by the Texians; the fact is, it was no battle at all. The Mexicans were commanded by Santa Anna, who has great military talent, and the Mexicans reposed full confidence in him. Santa Anna feeling very unwell, went to a farm-house, at a small distance, to recover himself, and was captured by half-a-dozen Texian robbers, who took him on to the Texian army.

The loss of the general, with the knowledge that there was no one fit to supply his place, dispirited the Mexicans, and they retreated; but

since that time they have proved to the Texians how insecure they are, even at this moment. England and other European governments have thought proper, very hastily, to recognize Texas, but Mexico has not, and will not.

The expedition to Santa Fé, by which the Texians broke the peace, occurred in the autumn of 1841; the Mexican army entered Texas in the spring of 1842, sweeping every thing before them, from St. Antonio di Bejar to the Colorado; but the Texians had sent emissaries to Yucatan, to induce that province to declare its independence. The war in Yucatan obliged the Mexican army to march back in that direction to quell the insurrection, which it did, and then returned to Texas, and again took possession of St. Antonio di Bejar in September of the same year, taking many prisoners of consequence away with them.

It was the intention of the Mexicans to have returned to Texas in the spring of the year, but fresh disturbances in Yucatan prevented Santa

Anna from executing his projects. Texas is, therefore, by no means secure, its population is decreasing, and those who had respectability attached to their character have left it. I hardly need observe that the Texian national debt, now amounting to thirteen millions of dollars, may, for many reasons, turn out to be not a very profitable investment.*

* Perhaps the English reader will find it extraordinary that Santa Anna, once freed from his captivity, should not have re-entered Texas with an overwhelming force. The reason is very simple: Bustamente was a rival of Santa Anna for the presidency; the general's absence allowed him to intrigue, and when the news reached the capital that Santa Anna had fallen a prisoner, it became necessary to elect a new president. Bustamente had never been very popular, but having promised to the American population of the sea-ports, that nothing should be attempted against Texas if he were elected, these, through mercantile interest, supported him, not only with their influence, but also with their money.

When, at last, Santa Anna returned to Mexico, his power was lost, and his designs upon Texas were discarded by his successor. Bustamente was a man entirely devoid of energy, and he looked with apathy upon the numerous aggressions made by the Texians upon the borders of Mexico. As soon, however, as the Mexicans heard that the Texians, in spite of the laws of nations, had sent an expedition to Santa Fé, at the very time that they were making overtures for peace and recognition of their independence, they called upon Bustamente to account for his culpable want of energy. Believing himself secure against any revolution, the president answered with

But to return to the Santa Fé expedition. The Texians were deprived of their arms and conducted to a small village, called Anton Chico, till orders should have been received, as to their future disposition, from General Armigo, governor of the province.

It is not to be supposed that in a small village of about one hundred government shepherds, several hundred famished men could be supplied with all the necessaries and superfluities of life. The Texians accuse the Mexicans of having starved them in Anton Chico, forgetting that every Texian had the same ration of provisions as the Mexican soldier.

Of course the Texians now attempted to fall back upon the original falsehood, that they were a trading expedition, and had been destroyed and plundered by the Indians; but,

harsh measures, and the soldiery, now exasperated, put Santa Anna at their head, forcing him to reassume the presidency. Bustamente ran away to Paris, the Santa Fé expedition was soon defeated, and, as we have seen, the president, Santa Anna, began his dictatorship with the invasion of Texas (March, 1842).

unfortunately, the assault upon the sheep and the cowardly massacre of the shepherds were not to be got over. As Governor Armigo very justly observed to them, if they were traders, they had committed murder; if they were not traders, they were prisoners of war.

After a painful journey of four months, the prisoners arrived in the old capital of Mexico, where the few strangers who had been induced to join the expedition, in ignorance of its destination, were immediately restored to liberty; the rest were sent, some to the mines, to dig for the metal they were so anxious to obtain, and some were passed over to the police of the city, to be employed in the cleaning of the streets.

Many American newspapers have filled their columns with all manner of histories relative to this expedition; catalogues of the cruelties practised by the Mexicans have been given, and the sympathizing American public have been called upon to relieve the unfortunate

men who had escaped. I will only give one instance of misrepresentation in the New Orleans *Picayune*, and put in juxta-position the real truth. It will be quite sufficient. Mr. Kendal says :—

"As the sun was about setting, those of us who were in front were startled by the report of two guns, following each other in quick succession. We turned to ascertain the cause, and soon found that a poor, unfortunate man, named Golpin, a merchant, and who had started upon the expedition with a small amount of goods, had been shot by the rear-guard, for no other reason than that he was too sick and weak to keep up. He had made a bargain with one of the guard to ride his mule a short distance, for which he was to pay him his only shirt! While in the act of taking it off, Salazar (the commanding officer) ordered a soldier to shoot him. The first ball only wounded the wretched man, but the second killed him instantly, and he fell with his shirt

still about his face. Golpin was a citizen of the United States, and reached Texas a short time before the expedition. He was a harmless, inoffensive man, of most delicate constitution, and, during a greater part of the time we were upon the road, was obliged to ride in one of the waggons."

This story is, of course, very pathetic; but here we have a few lines taken from the *Bee*, a New Orleans newspaper:—

"*January*, 1840. HORRIBLE MURDER!—Yesterday, at the plantation of William Reynolds, was committed one of those acts which revolt human nature. Henry Golpin, the overseer, a Creole, and strongly suspected of being a quadroone, had for some time acted improperly towards Mrs. Reynolds and daughters. A few days ago, a letter from W. R. was received from St. Louis, stating that he would return home at the latter end of the week; and

Golpin, fearing that the ladies would complain of his conduct and have him turned out, poisoned them with the juice of some berries poured into their coffee. Death was almost instantaneous. A pretty mulatto girl of sixteen, an attendant and *protégée* of the young ladies, entering the room where the corpses were already stiff, found the miscreant busy in taking off their jewels and breaking up some recesses, where he knew that there were a few thousand dollars, in specie and paper, the produce of a recent sale of negroes. At first, he tried to coax the girl, offering to run away and marry her, but she repulsed him with indignation, and, forcing herself off his hold, she ran away to call for help. Snatching suddenly a rifle, he opened a window, and as the honest girl ran across the square towards the negroes' huts, she fell quite dead, with a ball passing across her temples. The governor and police of the first and second

municipalities offer one thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of the miserable assassin, who, of course, has absconded."

"This is the "*harmless and inoffensive man of delicate constitution, a citizen of the United States,*" which Mr. Kendal would give us as a martyr of Mexican barbarism. During the trip across the prairie, every man, except two or three, had shunned him, so well did every one know his character: and now I will describe the events which caused him to be shot in the way above related.

Two journeys after they had left Santa Fé they passed the night in a small little village, four men being billeted in every house under the charge of one soldier. Golpin and another of his stamp were, however, left without any guard in the house of a small retailer of aguardiente, who, being now absent, had left his old wife alone in the house. She was a good hospitable soul, and

thought it a Christian duty to administer to the poor prisoners all the relief she could afford. She gave them some of her husband's linen, bathed their feet with warm water mixed with whisky, and served up to them a plentiful supper.

Before they retired to rest, she made them punch, and gave them a small bottle of liquor, which they could conceal about them and use on the road. The next morning the sounds of the drums called the prisoners in the square to get ready for their departure. Golpin went to the old woman's room, insisting that she should give them more of the liquor. Now the poor thing had already done much. Liquor in these far inland countries, where there are no distilleries, reaches the enormous price of from sixteen to twenty dollars a gallon. So she mildly but firmly refused, upon which Golpin seized from the nail, where it was hung, a very heavy key, which he knew to be that of the little cellar underground, where the woman

kept the liquor. She tried to regain possession of it, but during the struggle Golpin beat her brains out with a bar of iron that was in the room. This deed perpetrated, he opened the trap-door to the cellar, and among the folds of his blanket and that of his companion concealed as many flasks as they could carry. They then shut the street-door and joined their companions.

Two hours afterwards, the husband returned, and knocked in vain; at last, he broke open the door, and beheld his helpmate barbarously mangled. A neighbour soon told him about the two Texian guests, and the wretched man having made his depositions to an alcalde, or constable, they both started upon fresh horses, and at noon overtook the prisoners. The commanding officers soon ascertained who were the two men that had been billeted at the old woman's, and found them surrounded by a group of Texians, making themselves merry with the stolen liquor. Seeing that they

were discovered, to save his life, Golpin's companion immediately peached, and related the whole of the transaction. Of course the assassin was executed.

CHAPTER IX.

At that time, the Pawnee Picts, themselves an offset of the Shoshones and Comanches, and speaking the same language—a tribe residing upon the northern shores of the Red River, and who had always been at peace with their ancestors, had committed some depredations upon the northern territory of the Comanches.

The chiefs, as usual, waited several moons for reparation to be offered by the offenders, but as none came, it was feared that the Picts had been influenced by the American agents to forget their long friendship, and commence hostilities with them. It was, therefore, resolved

that we should enter the war path, and obtain by force that justice which friendship could no longer command.

The road which we had to travel, to arrive at the town of the Pawnee Picts, was rough and uneven, running over hills and intersected by deep gullies. Bad as it was, and faint and tired as were our horses, in ten days we reached a small prairie, within six miles of the river, on the other side of which lay the principal village of the Pawnee Picts.

The heavens now became suddenly overcast, and a thunder-storm soon rendered it impossible for even our best warriors to see their way. A halt was consequently ordered, and, notwithstanding a tremendous rain, we slept soundly till morn, when a drove of horses, numbering some hundreds, was discovered some distance to our left. In all appearance they were tame animals, and many thought they could see the Pawnee warriors riding them. Four of us immediately started to re-

connoitre, and we made our preparations for attack; as we gradually approached, there appeared to be no little commotion among the herd, which we now plainly perceived to be horses without any riders.

When we first noticed them, we discerned two or three white spots, which Gabriel and I mistook for flags; a nearer view convinced us that they were young colts.

We continued our route. The sun had scarcely risen when we arrived on the shore of the river, which was lined with hundreds of canoes, each carrying green branches at their bows and white flags at their sterns. Shortly afterwards, several chiefs passed over to our side, and invited all our principal chiefs to come over to the village and talk to the Pawnee Picts, who wished to remain brothers with their friends—the Comanches. This was consented to, and Gabriel, Roche, and I accompanied them. This village was admirably protected from attack on every side;

and in front, the Red River, there clear and transparent, rolls its deep waters. At the back of the village, stony and perpendicular mountains rise to the height of two thousand feet, and their ascent is impossible, except by ladders and ropes, or where steps have been cut into the rock.

The wigwams, one thousand in number, extend, for the space of four miles, upon a beautiful piece of rich alluvial soil, in a very high state of cultivation; the fields were well fenced and luxuriant with maize, pumpkins, melons, beans, and squashes. The space between the mountains and the river, on each side of the village, was thickly planted with close ranks of prickly pear, impassable to man or beast, so that the only way in which the Pawnees could be attacked was in front, by forcing a passage across the river, which could not be effected without a great loss of life, as the Pawnees are a brave people and well supplied with rifles, although in their prairie hunts

they prefer to use their lances and their arrows.

When we entered the great council lodge, the great chief, Wetara Sharoj, received us with great urbanity, assigned to us places next to him, and gave the signal for the Pawnee elders to enter the lodge. I was very much astonished to see among them some white men, dressed in splendid military uniforms; but the ceremonies having begun, and it being the Indian custom to assume indifference, whatever your feelings may be, I remained where I was. Just at the moment that the pipe-bearer was lighting the calumet of peace, the venerable Pawnee chief advanced to the middle of the lodge, and addressed the Comanches:—

"My sight is old, for I have seen a hundred winters, and yet I can recognize those who once were friends. I see among you Opishka Koaki (the White Raven), and the leader of a great people; Pemeh-Katey (the Long Car-

bine), and the wise Hah-nee (the Old Beaver). You are friends, and we should offer you at once the calumet of peace, but you have come as foes; as long as you think you have cause to remain so, it would be mean and unworthy of the Pawnees to sue and beg for what perchance they may obtain by their courage. Yet the Comanches and the Pawnees have been friends too long a time to fall upon each other as a starved wolf does upon a wounded buffalo. A strong cause must excite them to fight against each other, and then, when it comes, it must be a war of extermination, for when a man breaks with an old friend, he becomes more bitter in his vengeance than against an utter stranger. Let me hear what the brave Comanches have to complain of, and any reparation, consistent with the dignity of a Pawnee chief, shall be made, sooner than risk a war between brothers who have so long hunted together and fought together against a common enemy. I have said."

Opishka Koaki ordered me to light the Comanche calumet of peace, and advancing to the place left vacant by the ancient chief, he answered:—

"I have heard words of great wisdom; a Comanche always loves and respects wisdom; I love and respect my father, Wetara Sharoj; I will tell him what are the complaints of our warriors, but before, as we have come as foes, it is but just that we should be the first to offer the pipe of peace; take it, chief, for we must be friends; I will tell our wrongs, and leave it to the justice of the great Pawnee to efface them, and repair the loss his young men have caused to a nation of friends."

The pipe was accepted, and the "talk" went on. It appeared that a party of one hundred Pawnee hunters had had their horses *estampeded* one night, by some hostile Indians. For five days they forced their way on foot, till entering the northern territory of the Comanches, they met with a drove of horses and

cattle. They would never have touched them, had it not been that, a short time afterwards, they met with another very numerous party of their inveterate enemies—the Kiowas, by whom they were pressed so very hard, that they were obliged to return to the place where the Comanche herds of horse were grazing, and to take them, to escape their foes. So far, all was right; it was nothing more than what the Comanches would have done themselves in the land of the Pawnees; but what had angered the Comanche warriors was, that the hundred horses thus borrowed in necessity, had never been returned, although the party had arrived at the village two moons ago.

When the Pawnees heard that we had no other causes for complaint, they shewed, by their expressions of friendship, that the ties of long brotherhood were not to be so easily broken; and indeed the Pawnees had, some time before, sent ten of their men with one hundred of their finest horses, to compensate

for those which they had taken and rather ill-treated, in their hurried escape from the Kiowas. But they had taken a different road from that by which we had come, and consequently we had missed them. Of course, the council broke up, and the Indians, who had remained on the other side of the river, were invited in the village to partake of the Pawnee hospitality.

Gabriel and I soon accosted the strangely-dressed foreigners. In fact, we were seeking each other, and I learned that they had been a long time among the Pawnees, and would have passed over to the Comanches, in order to confer with me on certain political matters, had it not been that they were aware of the great antipathy the chiefs of that tribe entertained against the inhabitants of the United States.

The facts were as follows:—These people were emissaries of the Mormons, a new sect which had sprung up in the States, and which was rapidly increasing in numbers. This sect

had been created by a certain Joseph Smith. Round the standard of this bold aud ambitious leader, swarms of people crowded from every part, and had settled upon a vast extent of ground on the eastern shores of the Mississippi, and there established a civil, religious, and military power, as anomalous as it was dangerous to the United States. In order to accomplish his ulterior views, this modern apostle wished to establish relations of peace and friendship with all the Indians in the great western territories, and had for that purpose sent messengers among the various tribes east of the Rocky Mountains. Having also learned, by the St. Louis trappers, that strangers, long established among the Shoshones of the Pacific Ocean, were now residing among the Comanches, Smith had ordered his emissaries among the Pawnees to endeavour to meet us, and concert together as to what measures could be taken so as to secure a general league, defensive and offensive, against the

Americans and the Texians, and which was to extend from the Mississippi to the western seas.

Such a proposition of course could not be immediately answered. I therefore obtained leave from the Comanches to take the two strangers with us, and we all returned together. It would be useless to relate to the reader that which passed between me and the emissaries of the Mormons; let it suffice to say, that after a residence of three weeks in the village, they were conducted back to the Pawnees. With the advice of Gabriel, I determined to go myself and confer with the principal Mormon leaders; resolving in my own mind that if our interview was not satisfactory, I would continue on to Europe, and endeavour either to engage a company of merchants to enter into direct communication with the Shoshones, or to obtain the support of the English government, in furtherance of the objects I had in view for the advantage of the tribe.

As a large portion of the Comanches were making preparations for their annual migration to the east of Texas, Roche, Gabriel, and I joined this party, and having exchanged an affectionate farewell with the remainder of the tribe and received many valuable presents, we started, taking the direction of the Saline Lake, which forms the head-waters of the southern branch or fork of the river Brazos. There we met again with our old friends, the Wakoes, and learned that there was a party of sixty or seventy Yankees or Texians roaming about the upper forks of the Trinity, committing all sorts of depredations, and painting their bodies like the Indians, that their enormities might be laid to the account of the savages. This may appear strange to the reader, but it has been a common practice for some time. There have always been in the United States a numerous body of individuals, who, having by their crimes been compelled to quit the settlements of the east, have sought shelter

out of the reach of civilization. These individuals are all desperate characters, and, uniting themselves in small bands, come fearlessly among the savages, taking squaws and living among them till a sufficient period has elapsed to enable them to venture, under an assumed name and in a distant state, to return with impunity and enjoy the wealth acquired by plunder and assassination.

This is the history of the *major* portion of the western pioneers, whose courage and virtues have been so much celebrated by American writers. As they increased in numbers, these pioneers conceived a plan by which they acquired great wealth. They united together, forming a society of land privateers or buccaneers, and made incursions into the very heart of the French and Spanish settlements of the west, where, not being expected, they surprised the people and carried off great booty. When, however, these Spanish and French possessions were incorporated into the United States,

they altered their system of plunder; and, under the name of Border's Buggles, they infested the states of the Mississippi and Tennessee, where they obtained such a dreaded reputation that the government sent out many expeditions against them, which, however, were useless, as all the principal magistrates of these states had contrived even themselves to be elected members of the fraternity. The increase of population broke up this system, and the "Buggles" were compelled to resort to other measures. Well acquainted with Indian manners, they would dress and paint themselves as savages, and attack the caravans to Mexico. The traders, in their reports, would attribute the deed to some tribe of Indians, probably, at the moment of the attack, some five or six hundred miles distant from the spot.

This land pirating is now carried to a greater extent than ever. Bands of fifty or sixty pioneers steal horses, cattle, and slaves from the

west of Arkansas and Louisiana, and sell them in Texas, where they have their agents; and then, under the disguise of Indian warriors, they attack plantations in Texas, carrying away with them large herds of horses and cattle, which they drive to Missouri, through the lonely mountain passes of the Arkansas, or to the Attalapas and Opelousas districts of Western Louisiana, forcing their way through the lakes and swamps on both shores of the river Sabine. The party mentioned by the Wakoes was one of this last description.

We left our friends, and, after a journey of three days, we crossed the Brazos, close to a rich copper mine, which has for ages been worked by the Indians, who used, as they do now, this metal for the points of their arrows and lances. Another three days' journey brought us to one of the forks of the Trinity, and there we met with two companies of Texian rangers and spies, under the command of a certain Captain Hunt, who had been sent from

the lower part of the river to protect the northern plantations. With him I found five gentlemen, who, tired of residing in Texas, had taken the opportunity of this military escort to return to the Arkansas. As soon as they heard that I was going there myself, they offered to join me, which I agreed to, as it was now arranged that Gabriel and Roche should not accompany me farther than to the Red River.*

The next morning I received a visit from Hunt and two or three inferior officers, to advise upon the following subject. An agricultural company from Kentucky had obtained from the Texian government a grant of lands

* It may appear singular to the reader that the Comanches, being always at war with the Texians, should not have immediately attacked the party under the orders of Hunt. But we were merely a hunting-party; that is to say, our band was composed chiefly of young hunters, not yet warriors. On such occasions, there is frequently, though not always, an ancient warrior for every eight hunters, just to shew to them the crafts of Indian mode of hunting. These parties often bring with them their squaws and children, and never fight but when obliged to do so.

on the upper forks of the Trinity. There twenty-five or thirty families had settled, and they had with them numerous cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys of a very superior breed. On the very evening I met with the Texian rangers, the settlement had been visited by a party of ruffians, who stole every thing, murdering sixty or seventy men, women, and children, and firing all the cottages and log-houses of this rising and prosperous village. All the corpses were shockingly mangled and scalped, and as the assailants were painted in the Indian fashion, the few inhabitants who had escaped and gained the Texian camp declared that the marauders were Comanches.

This I denied stoutly, as did the Comanche party, and we all proceeded with the Texian force to Lewisburg, the site of the massacre. As soon as I viewed the bodies, lying here and there, I at once was positive that the deed had been committed by white men. The Comanche chief could scarcely restrain his indignation;

he rode close to Captain Hunt and sternly said to him—

"Stoop, Pale-face of a Texian, and look with thy eyes open; be honest if thou canst, and confess that thou knowest by thine own experience that this deed is that of white men. What Comanche ever scalped women and children? Stoop, I say, and behold —— a shame on thy colour and race—a race of wolves, preying upon each other; a race of jaguars, killing the female after having forced her—stoop and see.

"The bodies of the young women have been atrociously and cowardly abused—seest thou? Thou well knowest the Indian is too noble and too proud to level himself to the rank of a Texian or of a brute."

Twenty of our Comanches started on the tracks, and in the evening brought three prisoners to the camp. They were desperate blackguards, well known to every one of the soldiers under Captain Hunt, who, in spite of

their Indian disguise, identified them immediately. Hunt refused to punish them, or to make any farther pursuit, under the plea that he had received orders to act against Indian depredators, but not against white men.

"If such is the case," interrupted the Comanche chief, "retire immediately with thy men, even to-night, or the breeze of evening will repeat thy words to my young men, who would give a lesson of justice to the Texians. Away with thee, if thou valuest thy scalp; justice shall be done by Indians; it is time they should take it into their own hands, when Pale-faces are afraid of each other."

Captain Hunt was wise enough to retire without replying, and the next morning the Indians, armed with cords and switches, gave a severe whipping to the brigands, for having assumed the Comanche paint and war-whoop. This first part of their punishment being over, their paint was washed off, and the chief passed them over to us, who were, with the

addition I have mentioned, now eight white men. "They are too mean," said the chief, "to receive a warrior's death; judge them according to your laws; justice must be done."

It was an awful responsibility; but we judged them according to the laws of the United States and of Texas: they were condemned to be hung, and at sunset they were executed. For all I know, their bodies may still hang from the lower branches of the three large cotton-wood trees upon the head waters of the Trinity River.

CHAPTER X.

We remained a few days where we were encamped to repose our horses and ēnable them to support the fatigues of our journey through the rugged and swampy wilderness of North-east Texas. Three days after the execution of the three prisoners, some of our Indians, on their return from a buffalo chase, informed us that several Texian companies, numbering two hundred men, were advancing in our direction, and that probably they were out upon an expedition against the Indians of the Cross Timbers, as they had with them many waggons evidently containing nothing but provisions and ammunition.

We were encamped in a strong position, and, of course, did not think of retiring. We waited for the Texian army, determined to give them a good drubbing if they dared to attempt to molest us. Notwithstanding the security of our position, we kept a good watch during the night, but nothing happened to give us alarm. The next morning, two hours after sunrise, we saw the little army halting two miles from us, on the opposite shore of a deep stream, which they must necessarily pass to come to us. A company of the Comanches immediately darted forward to dispute the passage; but some flags of truce being displayed by the Texians, five or six of them were allowed to swim over unmolested.

These worthies who came over were Captain Hunt, of whom I have before made mention, and General Smith, commanding the Texian army, who was a certain butcher from Indiana, who had been convicted of having murdered his wife and condemned to be hanged. He had,

however, succeeded in escaping from the gaol, and making his way to Texas. The third eminent personage was a Colonel Hookley, and the other two were interpreters. As an Indian will never hurt a foe who comes with a flag of truce, the Comanches brought these gentlemen up to the camp.

As soon as General Smith presented himself before the Comanche chief, he commenced a bullying harangue, not stating for what purpose he had come, telling us gratuitously that he was the greatest general in the land, and that all the other officers were fools; that he had with him an innumerable number of stout and powerful warriors, who had no equal in the world; and thus he went on for half an hour, till, breath failing him, he was obliged to stop.

After a silence of a few minutes, he asked the Comanche chief what he could answer to that? The chief looked at him and replied, with the most ineffable contempt: "What should I

answer?" said he; "I have heard nothing but the words of a fool abusing other fools. I have heard the howl of the wolf long before the buffalo was wounded; there can be no answer to no question; speak, if thou canst; say what thou wishest, or return from whence thou comest, lest the greatest warrior of Texas should be whipped by squaws and boys."

The ex-butcher was greatly incensed at the want of breeding and manners of the "poor devil of a savage," but at last he condescended to come to the point. First of all, having learned from Captain Hunt the whole transaction at Lewisburg, and that the Comanches had detained the prisoners, he wished to have them restored to him. Next he wanted to get the three young Pale-faces, who were with the Comanches (meaning me, Gabriel, and Roche). They were three thieves, who had escaped from the gaols, and he, the general, wanted to punish them. After all, they were three vagabonds, d—d strangers, and strangers had

nothing to do in Texas, so he must have them. Thirdly and lastly, he wanted to have delivered unto him the five Americans who had left Captain Hunt to join us. He suspected them to be rascals or traitors, or they would not have joined the Indians. He, the great general, wished to investigate closely into the matter, and so the Comanches had better think quick about it, for he was in a hurry.

I should here add, that the five Americans, though half-ruined by the thefts of the Texians, had yet with them four or five hundred dollars in good bank-notes, besides which each had a gold watch, well-furnished saddle-bags, a good saddle, and an excellent travelling horse.

The chief answered him: "Now I can answer, for I have heard words having a meaning, although I know them to be great lies. I say first, thou shalt not have the prisoners who murdered those of thine own colour, for

they are hung yonder upon the tall trees, and there they shall remain till the vultures and the crows have picked their flesh.

"I say, secondly, that the three young Pale-faces are here and will answer for themselves, if they will or will not follow thee; but I see thy tongue can utter big lies, for I know they have never mixed with the Pale-faces of the south. As to the five Yankees, we cannot give them back to thee, because we can give back only what we have taken. They are now our guests, and, in our hospitality, they are secure till they leave us of their own accord. I have said!"

Scarcely were these words finished, when the general and his four followers found themselves surrounded by twenty Comanches, who conducted them back to the stream in rather an abrupt manner. The greatest officer of the land swore revenge; but as his guides did not understand him, he was lucky enough to re-

serve his tongue for more lies and more swearing at a more fitting time.

He soon rejoined his men, and fell back with them about a mile, apparently to prepare for an attack upon our encampment. In the evening, Roche and some five or six Indians passed the stream a few miles below, that they might observe what the Texians were about; but unfortunately they met with a party of ten of the enemy hunting, and Roche fell heavily under his horse, which was killed by a rifle-shot. One of the Comanches immediately jumped from his horse, rescued Roche from his dangerous position, and, notwithstanding that the Texians were at that instant charging, he helped Roche to his own saddle and bade him fly. Roche was so much stupified by his fall that he could not reflect, or otherwise his generous nature would never have permitted him to save his life at the expense of that of the noble fellow who was thus sacrificing himself. As it was, he darted away, and his liberator, receiving

the shock of the assailants, killed two of them, and fell pierced with their rifle-balls.*

The report of the rifles recalled Roche to his senses, and, joining once more the three remaining Indians, he rushed madly upon the hunters, and, closing with one of them, he ripped him up with his knife, while the Comanches had each of them successfully thrown their lassos and now galloped across the plain, dragging after them three mangled bodies. Roche recovered his saddle and holsters, and taking with him the corpse of the noble-minded Indian, he gave to his companions the signal for retreat, as the remaining hunters were flying at full speed towards their camp, and succeeded in giving the alarm. An hour after, they returned to us, and, upon their report, it was resolved that we should attack the Texians that very night.

* So sacred are the laws of hospitality among these Indians, that a dozen lives would be sacrificed, if required, to save that of a *guest*. In sacrificing himself for Roche, the Comanche considered that he was doing a mere act of duty.

About ten o'clock we started, divided into three bands of seventy men each, which made our number about equal to that of the Texians; Roche, who was disabled, with fifteen Indians and the five Americans remaining in the camp. Two of the bands went down the river to cross it without noise, while the third, commanded by Gabriel and me, travelled up stream for two miles, where we safely effected our passage. We had left the horses ready, in case of accident, under the keeping of five men for every band. The plan was to surprise the Texians, and attack them at once in front and in rear; we succeeded beyond all expectations, the Texians, as usual, being all more or less intoxicated. We reached their fires before any alarm was given.

We gave the war-whoop and rushed among the sleepers. Many, many were killed in their deep sleep of intoxication, but those who awoke and had time to seize upon their arms fought certainly better than they would have done had

they been sober. The gallant General Smith, the bravest of the brave and ex-butcher, escaped at the very beginning of the affray, but I saw the Comanche chief cleaving the skull of Captain Hunt with his tomahawk.

Before their onset, the Indians had secured almost all the enemy's waggons and horses, so that flight to many became impossible. At that particular spot the prairie was undulatory and bare, except on the left of the encampment, where a few bushes skirted the edge of a small stream; but these were too few and too small to afford a refuge to the Texians, one hundred of whom were killed and scalped. The remainder of the night was passed in giving chase to the fugitives, who, at last, halted at a bend of the river, in a position that could not be forced without great loss of life; so the Indians left them, and, after having collected all the horses and the booty they thought worth taking away, they burnt the waggons and returned to their own camp.

As we quitted the spot, I could not help occasionally casting a glance behind me, and the spectacle was truly magnificent. Hundreds of barrels, full of grease, salt pork, gin, and whisky, were burning, and the conflagration had now extended to the grass and the dry bushes.

We had scarcely crossed the river when the morning breeze sprung up, and now the flames extended in every direction, gaining rapidly upon the spot where the remaining Texians had stood at bay. So fiercely and abruptly did the flames rush upon them, that all simultaneously, men and horses, darted into the water for shelter against the devouring element. Many were drowned in the whirlpools, and those who succeeded in reaching the opposite shore were too miserable and weak to think of any thing, except of regaining, if possible, the southern settlements.

Though protected from the immediate reach of the flames by the branch of the river upon

the shore of which we were encamped, the heat had become so intense, that we were obliged to shift farther to the west. Except in the supply of arms and ammunition, we perceived that our booty was worth nothing. This Texian expedition must have been composed of a very beggarly set, for there was not a single yard of linen, nor a miserable, worn-out pair of trousers, to be found in all their bundles and boxes.

Among the horses taken, some thirty or forty were immediately identified by the Comanches as their own property, many of them, during the preceding year, having been stolen by a party of Texians, who had invited the Indians to a grand council. Gabriel, Roche, and I, of course, would accept none of the booty; and as time was now becoming to me a question of great importance, we bade farewell to our Comanche friends, and pursued our journey east, in company with the five Americans.

During the action, the Comanches had had forty men wounded and only nine killed. Yet, two months afterwards, I read in one of the American newspapers a very singular account of the action. It was a report of General Smith, commandant of the central force of Texas, relative to the glorious expedition against the savages, in which the gallant soldiers of the infant republic had achieved the most wonderful exploits. It said, "That Gen. Smith having been apprized, by the unfortunate Captain Hunt, that five thousand savages had destroyed the rising city of Lewisburg, and murdered all the inhabitants, had immediately hastened with his intrepid fellows to the neighbourhood of the scene; that there, during night, and when every man was broken down with fatigue, they were attacked by the whole force of the Indians, who had with them some twenty half-breeds and French and English traders. In spite of their disadvantages, the Texians repulsed the Comanches with con-

siderable loss, till the morning, when the men were literally tired with killing, and the prairie was covered with the corpses of two thousand savages; the Texians themselves having lost but thirty or forty men, and these people of little consequence, being emigrants recently arrived from the States. During the day, the stench became so intolerable, that General Smith caused the prairie to be set on fire, and crossing the river, returned home by slow marches, knowing it would be quite useless to pursue the Comanches in the wild and broken prairies of the north. Only one Texian of note had perished during the conflict—the brave and unfortunate Captain Hunt; so that, upon the whole, considering the number of the enemy, the republic may consider this expedition as the most glorious enterprise since the declaration of Texian independence."

The paragraph went on in this manner till it filled three close columns, and as a *finale*, the

ex-butcher made an appeal to all the generous and "liberty-loving" sons of the United States and Texas, complaining bitterly against the cabinets of St. James and the Tuileries, who, jealous of the prosperity and glory of Texas, had evidently sent agents (trappers and half-breeds) to excite the savages, through malice, envy, and hatred of the untarnished name and honour of the great North American Republic.

The five Americans who accompanied us were of a superior class, three of them from Virginia and two from Maryland. Their history was that of many others of their countrymen. Three of them had studied the law, one divinity, and the other medicine. Having no opening for the exercise of their profession at home, they had gone westward, to carve a fortune in the new States; but there every thing was in such a state of anarchy, that they could not earn their subsistence; they removed farther west, until they entered Texas, "a country

sprung up but yesterday, and where an immense wealth can be made." They found, on their arrival at this anticipated paradise, their chances of success in their profession still worse than in their own country. The lawyers discovered that, on a moderate computation, there were not less than ten thousand attorneys in Texas, who had emigrated from the Eastern States; the president, the secretaries, constables, tavern-keepers, generals, privates, sailors, porters, and horse-thieves were all of them originally lawyers, or had been brought up to that profession.

As to the doctor, he soon found that the apologue of the "wolf and the stork" had been written purposely for medical practice in Texas, for as soon as he had cured a patient (picked the bone out of his throat), he had to consider himself very lucky if he could escape from half-a-dozen inches of the bowie-knife, by way of recompense; moreover, every visit cost him his pocket-handkerchief or his 'bacco-

box, if he had any. I have to remark here, that kerchief-taking is a most common joke in Texas, and I wonder very much at it, as no individual of the male species, in that promised land, will ever apply that commodity to its right use, employing for that purpose the pair of snuffers which natural instinct has supplied him with. At the same time, it must be admitted that no professional man can expect employment, without he can flourish a pocket-handkerchief.

As for the divine, he soon found that religion was not a commodity required in so young a country, and that he might just as well have speculated in sending a cargo of skates to the West Indies, or supplying Mussulmans with swine. The merits of the voluntary system had not been yet appreciated in Texas; and if he did preach, he had to preach by himself, not being able to obtain a clerk to make the responses.

As we travelled along the dreary prairies,

these five Eldorado seekers proved to be jovial fellows, and there was about them an elasticity of temper which did not allow them to despond. The divine had made up his mind to go to Rome, and convert the Pope, who, after all, was a clever old *bon vivant;* the doctor would go to Edinburgh, and get selected, from his superior skill, as president of the Surgical College; one of the lawyers determined he would "run for legislature," or keep a bar (a whisky one); the second wished to join the Mormons, who were a set of clever blackguards; and the third thought of going to China, to teach the celestial brother of the sun to use the Kentucky rifle and "brush the English." Some individuals in England have reproached me with indulging too much in building castles in the air; but certainly, compared to those of a Yankee in search after wealth, mine have been most sober speculations.

Each of our new companions had some little

Texian history to relate, which they declared to be the most rascally, but *smartish* trick in the world. One of the lawyers was once summoned before a magistrate, and a false New Orleans fifty-dollar bank-note was presented to him, as the identical one he had given to the clerk of Tremont House (the great hotel at Galveston), in payment of his weekly bill. Now, the lawyer had often dreamed of fifties, hundreds, and even of thousands; but fortune had been so fickle with him, that he had never been in possession of bank-notes higher than five or ten dollars, except one of the glorious Cairo Bank twenty-dollar notes, which his father presented to him in Baltimore, when he advised him most paternally to try his luck in the West.

By the bye, that twenty-dollar Cairo note's adventures should be written in gold letters, for it enabled the traveller to eat, sleep, and drink, free of cost, from Louisville to St. Louis,

through Indiana and Illinois; any tavern-keeper preferring losing the price of a bed, or of a meal, sooner than run the risk of returning good change for bad money. The note was finally changed in St. Louis for a three-dollar, bank of Springfield, which being yet current, at a discount of four cents to the dollar, enabled the fortunate owner to take his last tumbler of port-wine Sangaree before his departure for Texas.

Of course, the lawyer had no remorse of conscience, in swearing that the note had never been his, but the tavern-keeper and two witnesses swore to his having given it, and the poor fellow was condemned to recash and pay expenses. Having not a cent, he was allowed to go, for it so happened that the gaol was not built for such vagabonds, but for the government officers, who had their sleeping apartments in it. This circumstance occasioned it to be remarked by a few commonly honest

people of Galveston, that if the gates of the gaol were closed at night, the community would be much improved.

Three days afterwards, a poor captain, from a Boston vessel, was summoned for the very identical bank-note, which he was obliged to pay, though he had never set his foot into the Tremont Hotel.

There is in Galveston a new-invented trade, called "the rag trade," which is very profitable. I refer to the purchasing and selling of false bank-notes, which are, as in the lawyer's case, palmed upon any stranger suspected of having money. On such occasions, the magistrate and the plaintiff share the booty. I may as well here add a fact which is well known in France and the United States. Eight days after the Marquis de Saligny's (French chargé d'affaires) arrival in Houston, he was summoned before a magistrate, and, upon the oaths of the parties, found guilty of having passed seven hundred dollars in false notes to a land specu-

lator. He paid the money, but as he never had had in his possession any money, except French gold and notes of the Banque de France, he complained to his government; and this specimen of Texian honesty was the principal cause why the banker (Lafitte) suddenly broke the arrangement he had entered into with General Hamilton (chargé d'affaires from Texas to England and France) for a loan of seven millions of dollars.

CHAPTER XI.

We had now entered a track of land similar to that which we had travelled over when on our route from the Wakoes to the Comanches. The prairie was often intersected by chasms, the bottoms of which were perfectly dry, so that we could procure water but once every twenty-four hours, and that, too, often so hot and so muddy, that even our poor horses would not drink it freely. They had, however, the advantage over us in point of feeding, for the grass was sweet and tender, and moistened during night by the heavy dews; as for ourselves, we were beginning to starve in earnest.

We had anticipated regaling ourselves with the juicy humps of the buffaloes which we should kill, but although we had entered the very heart of their great pasture land, we had not met with one, nor even with a ground-hog, a snake, or a frog. One evening, the pangs of hunger became so sharp, that we were obliged to chew tobacco and pieces of leather to allay our cravings; and we determined that if, the next day at sunset, we had no better fortune, we would draw lots to kill one of our horses. That evening we could not sleep, and as murmuring was of no avail, the divine entertained us with a Texian story, just, as he said, to pump the superfluous air out of his body. I shall give it in his own terms :—

"Well, I was coming down the Wabash River (Indiana), when, as it happens nine times out of ten, the steam-boat got aground, and that so firmly, that there was no hope of her floating again till the next flood; so I took my wallet, waded for two hundred yards, with

the water to my knees, till I got safe on shore, upon a thick-timbered bank, full of rattle-snakes, thorns of the locust-tree, and spiders' webs, so strong, that I was obliged to cut them with my nose, to clear the way before me. I soon got so entangled by the vines and the briars, that I thought I had better turn my back to the stream till I should get to the upland, which I could now and then perceive through the clearings opened between the trees by recent thunder-storms. Unhappily, between the upland and the little ridge on which I stood there was a wide river bottom,* into which I had scarcely advanced fifty yards, when I got bogged. Well, it took me a long while to get out of my miry hole, where I was as fast as a swine in its Arkansas sty; and then I looked about for my wallet, which I had dropped. I could see which way it had

* River bottom is a space, sometimes of many miles in width, on the side of the river, running parallel with it. It is always very valuable and productive land, but unhealthy, and dangerous to cross, from its boggy nature.

gone, for, close to the yawning circle from which I had just extricated myself, there was another smaller one two yards off, into which my wallet had sunk deep, though it was comfortably light; which goes to illustrate the Indiana saying, that there is no conscience so light but will sink in the bottom of the Wabash. Well, I did not care much, as in my wallet I had only an old coloured shirt and a dozen of my own sermons, which I knew by heart, having repeated them a hundred times over.

"Being now in a regular fix, I cut a stick, and began wittling and whistling, to lighten my sorrows, till at last I perceived at the bank of the river, and five hundred yards ahead, one of those large rafts, constructed pretty much like Noah's ark, in which a Wabash farmer embarks his cargo of women and fleas, pigs and chickens, corn, whisky, rats, sheep, and stolen niggers; indeed, in most cases, the whole of the cargo is stolen, except the wife

and children, the only portion whom the owner would very much like to be rid of; but these will stick to him as naturally as a prairie fly to a horse, as long as he has spirits to drink, pigs to attend to, and breeches to mend.

"Well, as she was close to the bank, I got in. The owner was General John Meyer, from Vincennes, and his three sons—the colonel, the captain, and the judge. They lent me a sort of thing which, many years before, had probably been a horse-blanket. With it I covered myself, while one of the 'boys' spread my clothes to dry, and, as I had nothing left in the world, except thirty dollars in my pocket-book, I kept that constantly in my hand till the evening, when, my clothes being dried, I recovered the use of my pocket. The general was free with his 'Wabash water' (western appellation for whisky), and, finding me to his taste, as he said, he offered me a passage gratis to New Orleans, if I could but

submit myself to his homely fare; that is to say, salt pork, with plenty of gravy, four times a day, and a decoction of burnt bran and grains of maize, going under the name of coffee all over the States—the whisky was to be *ad libitum*.

"As I considered the terms moderate, I agreed, and the hospitable general soon intrusted me with his plans. He had gone many times to Texas; he loved Texas—it was a free country, according to his heart; and now he had collected all his own (he might have said, 'and other people's too'), to go to New Orleans, where his pigs and corn, exchanged against goods, would enable him to settle with his family in Texas in a gallant style. Upon my inquiring what could be the cause of a certain abominable smell which pervaded the cabin, he apprized me that, in a small closet adjoining, he had secured a dozen of runaway negroes, for the apprehension of whom he would be well rewarded.

"Well, the next morning we went on pretty snugly, and I had nothing to complain of, except the fleas and the 'gals,' who bothered me not a little. Three days afterwards we entered the Ohio, and the current being very strong, I began to think myself fortunate, as I should reach New Orleans in less than forty days, passage free. We went on till night, when we stopped, three or four miles from the junction with the Mississippi. The cabin being very warm, and the deck in possession of the pigs, I thought I would sleep ashore, under a tree. The general said it was a capital plan, and, after having drained half-a-dozen cups of 'stiff, true, downright Yankee No. 1,' we all of us took our blankets (I mean the white-skinned party), and having lighted a great fire, the general, the colonel, the major, and the judge laid down,—an example which I followed as soon as I had neatly folded up my coat and fixed it upon a bush, with my hat and boots, for I was now getting particular, and wished

to cut a figure in New Orleans; my thoughts running upon plump and rich widows, which you know are the only provision for us preachers.

"Well, my dreams were nothing but the continuation of my thoughts during the day. I fancied I was married, and the owner of a large sugar plantation. I had a good soft bed, and my pious wife was feeling about me with her soft hands, probably to see if my heart beat quick, and if I had good dreams;—a pity I did not awake then, for I should have saved my dollars, as the hand which I was dreaming of was that of the hospitable general searching for my pocket-book. It was late when I opened my eyes—and, lo! the sleepers were gone, with the boat, my boots, my coat, my hat, and, I soon found, with my money. I had been left alone, with a greasy Mackinaw blanket, and as in my stupefaction I gazed all round, and up and down, I saw my pocket-book empty, which the generous general had

humanely left to me, to put other notes in, 'when I could get any.' I kicked it with my foot, and should indubitably have been food for cat-fish, had I not heard most *à propos* the puffing of a steam-boat coming down the river."

At that moment the parson interrupted his narrative, by observing:

"Well, I'd no idea that I had talked so long; why, man, look to the east, 'tis almost daylight."

And sure enough the horizon of the prairie was skirted with that red tinge which always announces the break of day in these immense level solitudes. Our companions had all fallen asleep, and our horses, looking to the east, snuffed the air and stamped upon the ground, as if to express their impatience to leave so inhospitable a region. I replied to the parson,

"It is now too late for us to think of sleeping; let us stir the fire, and go on with your story."

We added fuel to the nearly consumed pile, and shaking our blankets, which were heavy with the dew, my companion resumed his narrative:—

"Well, I reckon it was more than half an hour before the steam-boat came in sight, and as the channel of the river ran close in with the shore, I was soon picked up. The boat was going to St. Louis, and as I had not a cent left to pay my passage, I was obliged, in way of payment, to relate my adventure. Every body laughed. All the men declared the joke was excellent, and that General Meyer was a clever rascal; they told me I should undoubtedly meet with him at New Orleans, but it would be of no use. Every body knew Meyer and his pious family, but he was so smart, that nothing could be done against him. Well, the clerk was a good-humoured fellow; he lent me an old coat and five dollars; the steward brought me a pair of slippers, and somebody gave me a worn-out loose cap. This

was very good, but my luck was better still. The cause of my own ruin had been the grounding of a steam-boat; the same accident happening again set me on my legs. Just as we turned the southern point of Illinois, we buried ourselves in a safe bed of mud. It was so common an occurrence, that nobody cared much about it, except a Philadelphian going to Texas; he was in a great hurry to go on westward, and no wonder. I learned afterwards that he had absconded from the bank, of which he was a cashier, with sixty thousand dollars.

"Well, as I said, we were bogged; patience was necessary, laments were of no use, so we dined with as much appetite as if nothing had happened, and some of the regular 'boys' took to 'Yooka,' to kill the time. They were regular hands, to be sure, but I was myself trump No. 1. Pity we have no cards with us; it would be amusing to be the first man introducing that game into the western prairies.

Well, I looked on, and by-and-by, I got tired of being merely a spectator. My nose itched, my fingers too. I twisted my five-dollar bill in all senses, till a sharp took me for a flat, and he proposed kindly to pluck me out-and-out. I plucked him in less than no time, winning eighty dollars at a sitting; and when we left off for tea, I felt that I had acquired consequence, and even merit, for money gives both. During the night I was so successful, that when I retired to my berth I found myself the owner of four hundred and fifty dollars, a gold watch, a gold pin, and a silver 'bacco-box. Every thing is useful in this world, even getting aground. Now, I never repine at any thing.

"The next day another steam-boat passed, and picked us up. It was one of those light crafts which speculate upon misfortune; they hunt after stranded boats, as a wolf after wounded deer—they take off the passengers, and charge what they please. From Cincinnati to St. Louis, the fare was ten dollars, and the un-

conscientious wreck-seeker of a captain charged us twenty-five dollars each for the remainder of the trip—one day's journey. However, I did not care.

An Arkansas man, who had no more money, sold me, for fifteen dollars, his wallet, a fine great-coat, two clean shirts, and a hat; from another I purchased a pair of bran-new, Boston-made, elegant black breeches, so that when I landed in St. Louis, I cut a regular figure, went to Planter's Hotel, and in the course of a week made a good round sum by three lectures upon the vanities of the world and the sin of desponding. Well, to cut matters short——by the bye, there must be something wrong stirring in the prairie; look at our horses, how uneasy they seem to be. Don't you hear any thing?"

Our horses, indeed, were beginning to grow wild with excitement, and thinking that their instinct had told them that wolves were near, I tied them closer to where we bivouacked, and

then applied my ears to the ground, to try and catch any sound.

"I hear no noise," said I, "except the morning breeze passing through the withered grass. Our horses have been smelling wolves, but the brutes will not approach our fire."

The parson, who had a great faith in my "white Indian nature," resumed the thread of his narrative:—

"To cut the matter short, I pass over my trip to New Orleans and Galveston. Suffice it to say, that I was a gentleman preacher, with plenty of money, and that the Texians, president, generals, and all, condescended to eat my dinners, though they would not hear my sermons; even the women looked softly upon me, for I had two trunks, linen in plenty, and I had taken the precaution in Louisiana of getting rid of my shin-plasters for hard specie. I could have married any body, if I had wished, from the president's old mother to the barmaid at the tavern. I had money, and to me

all was smiles and sunshine. One day, I met General John Meyer; the impudent fellow came immediately to me, shook my hand in quite a cordial manner, and inquired how my health had been since he had seen me last. That was more than my professional meekness could endure, so I reproached him with his rascality and abuse of hospitality towards me, adding that I expected he would now repay me what he had so unceremoniously taken from me while I was asleep. General Meyer looked perfectly aghast, and calling me a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain, he rushed upon me with his drawn bowie-knife, and would have indubitably murdered me, had he not been prevented by a tall and powerful chap, to whom, but an hour before, I had lent, or given, five dollars, partly from fear of him and partly from compassion for his destitution.

"The next day I started for Houston, where I settled, and preached to old women, children, and negroes, while the white male population

were getting drunk, swearing, and fighting, just before the door of the church. I had scarcely been there a month when a constable arrested me on the power of a warrant obtained against me by that rascally Meyer. Brought up before the magistrate, I was confronted with the blackguard and five other rascals of his stamp, who positively took their oaths that they had seen me taking the pocket-book of the general, which he had left accidentally upon the table in the bar of Tremont's. The magistrate said, that out of respect for the character of my profession he would not push the affair to extremities, but that I must immediately give back the two hundred dollars Meyer said I had stolen from him, and pay fifty dollars besides for the expenses. In vain I remonstrated my innocence; no choice was left to me but to pay or go to gaol.

"By that time I knew pretty well the character of the people among whom I was living; I knew there was no justice to whom I could

apply; I reckoned also that, if once put in gaol, they would not only take the two hundred and fifty dollars, but also the whole I possessed. So I submitted, as it was the best I could do; I removed immediately to another part of Texas, but it would not do. Faith, the Texians are a very ugly set of gents."

"And Meyer," I interrupted, "what of him?"

"Oh!" replied the parson, "that is another story. Why, he returned to New Orleans, where, with his three sons, he committed an awful murder upon the cashier of the legislature; he was getting away with twenty thousand dollars, but being caught in the act, he was tried, sentenced, and hanged, with all his hopeful progeny, and the old negro hangman of New Orleans had the honour of making, in one day, a close acquaintance with a general, a colonel, a major, and a judge."

"What, talking still!" exclaimed the doctor, yawning: he had just awoke. "What

the devil can you have babbled about during the whole blessed night? Why, 'tis morn."

Saying this, he took up his watch, looked at it, applied it to his ear, to see if it had not stopped, and exclaimed :—

"By jingo, but I am only half-past one." The parson drew out his also, and repeated the same, "half-past one."

At that moment, the breeze freshened, and I heard the distant and muffled noise which in the West announces either an earthquake or an "estampede," of herds of wild cattle and other animals. Our horses, too, were aware of some danger, for now they were positively mad, struggling to break the lassoes and escape.

"Up," I cried, "up, Gabriel, Roche, up—up, strangers! quick! saddle your beasts! run for your lives; the prairie is on fire, and the buffaloes are upon us."

They all started upon their feet, but not a

word was exchanged; each felt the danger of his position; speed was our only resource, if it was not already too late. In a minute our horses were saddled, in another we were madly galloping across the prairie, the bridles upon the necks of our steeds, allowing them to follow their instinct. Such had been our hurry, that all our blankets were left behind, except that of Gabriel; the lawyers had never thought of their saddle-bags, and the parson had forgotten his holsters and his rifle.

For an hour we dashed on with undiminished speed, when we felt the earth trembling behind us, and soon afterwards the distant bellowing, mixed up with the roaring and sharper cries of other animals, was borne down unto our ears. The atmosphere grew oppressive and heavy, while the flames, swifter than the wind, appeared raging upon the horizon. The fleeter game of all kinds now shot past us like arrows; deer were bounding over the ground, in company with wolves and panthers; droves of elks

and antelopes passed swifter than a dream; then a solitary horse or a huge buffalo-bull. From our intense anxiety, although our horses strained every nerve, we almost appeared to stand still.

The atmosphere rapidly became more dense, the heat more oppressive, the roars sounded louder and louder in our ears; now and then they were mingled with terrific howls and shrill sounds, so unearthly that even our horses would stop their mad career and tremble, as if they considered them supernatural; but it was only for a second, and they dashed on.

A noble stag passed close to us, his strength was exhausted; three minutes afterwards, we passed him—dead. But soon, with the rushing noise of a whirlwind, the mass of heavier and less speedy animals closed upon us: buffaloes and wild horses, all mixed together, an immense dark body, miles in front, miles in depth; on they came, trampling and dashing through every obstacle. This phalanx was but two miles from us. Our horses were nearly

exhausted; we gave ourselves up for lost; a few minutes more, and we should be crushed to atoms.

At that moment, the sonorous voice of Gabriel was heard, firm and imperative. He had long been accustomed to danger, and now he faced it with his indomitable energy, as if such scenes were his proper element:— "Down from your horses," cried he; "let two of you keep them steady. Strip off your shirts, linen, any thing that will catch fire; quick, not a minute is to be lost." Saying this, he ignited some tinder with the pan of his pistol, and was soon busy in making a fire with all the clothes we now threw to him. Then we tore up withered grass and buffalo-dung, and dashed them on the heap.

Before three minutes had passed, our fire burned fiercely. On came the terrified mass of animals, and perceiving the flame of our fire before them, they roared with rage and terror, yet they turned not, as we had hoped. On

they came, and already we could distinguish their horns, their feet, and the white foam; our fuel was burning out, the flames were lowering; the parson gave a scream, and fainted. On came the maddened myriads, nearer and nearer; I could see their wild eyes glaring; they wheeled not, opened not a passage, but came on like messengers of death—nearer—nearer—nearer still. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim; it was horrible, most horrible! I dashed down, with my face covered, to meet my fate.

At that moment I heard an explosion, then a roar, as if proceeding from ten millions of buffalo-bulls—so stunning, so stupifying was the sound from the mass of animals, not twenty yards from us. Each moment I expected the hoofs which were to trample us to atoms; and yet, death came not. I only heard the rushing as of a mighty wind and the trembling of the earth. I raised my head, and looked.

Gabriel at the critical moment had poured

some whisky upon the flames, the leathern bottle had exploded, with a blaze like lightning, and, at the expense of thousands crushed to death, the animals had swerved from contact with the fierce, blue column of fire which had been created. Before and behind, all around us, we could see nothing but the shaggy wool of the huge monsters; not a crevice was to be seen in the flying masses, but the narrow line which had been opened to avoid our fire.

In this dangerous position we remained for one hour, our lives depending upon the animals not closing the line; but Providence watched over us, and after what appeared an eternity of intense suspense, the columns became thinner and thinner, till we found ourselves only encircled with the weaker and more exhausted animals, which brought up the rear. Our first danger was over, but we had still to escape from one as imminent—the pursuing flame, now so much closer to us. The whole prairie behind us was on fire, and the roaring element was gaining

on us with a frightful speed. Once more we sprang upon our saddles, and the horses, with recovered wind and with strength tenfold increased by their fear, soon brought us to the rear of the buffaloes.

It was an awful sight! a sea of fire roaring in its fury, with its heaving waves and unearthly hisses, approaching nearer and nearer, rushing on swifter than the sharp morning breeze. Had we not just escaped so unexpectedly a danger almost as terrible, we should have despaired and left off an apparently useless struggle for our lives.

Away we dashed, over hills and down declivities; for now the ground had become more broken. The fire was gaining fast upon us, when we perceived that, a mile ahead, the immense herds before us had entered a deep, broad chasm, into which they dashed, thousands upon thousands, tumbling headlong into the abyss. But now, the fire rushing quicker, blazing fiercer than before, as if determined not

to lose its prey, curled its waves above our heads, smothering us with its heat and lurid smoke.

A few seconds more we spurred in agony; speed was life; the chasm was to be our preservation or our tomb. Down we darted, actually borne upon the backs of the descending mass, and landed, without sense or motion, more than a hundred feet below. As soon as we recovered from the shock, we found that we had been most mercifully preserved; strange to say, neither horse nor rider had received any serious injury. We heard, above our heads, the hissing and cracking of the fire; we contemplated with awe the flames, which were roaring along the edge of the precipice—now rising, now lowering, just as if they would leap over the space and annihilate all life in these western solitudes.

We were preserved; our fall had been broken by the animals, who had taken the leap a second before us, and by the thousands of

bodies which were heaped up as a hecatomb, and received us as a cushion below. With difficulty we extricated ourselves and horses, and descending the mass of carcasses, we at last succeeded in reaching a few acres of clear ground. It was elevated a few feet above the water of the torrent, which ran through the ravine, and offered to our broken-down horses a magnificent pasture of sweet blue grass. But the poor things were too terrified and exhausted, and they stretched themselves down upon the ground, a painful spectacle of utter helplessness.

We perceived that the crowds of flying animals had succeeded in finding, some way further down, an ascent to the opposite prairie, and as the earth and rocks still trembled, we knew that the "estampede" had not ceased, and that the millions of fugitives had resumed their mad career. Indeed there was still danger, for the wind was high, and carryed before it large sheets of flames to the opposite side,

where the dried grass and bushes soon became ignited, and the destructive element thus passed the chasm and continued its pursuit.

We congratulated ourselves upon having thus found security, and returned thanks to heaven for our wonderful escape; and as we were now safe from immediate danger, we lighted a fire and feasted upon a young buffalo-calf, every bone of which we found had been broken into splinters.*

* I have said, at a venture, that we descended more than a hundred feet into the chasm before we fairly landed on the bodies of the animals. The chasm itself could not have been less than two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet deep at the part that we plunged down. This will give the reader some idea of the vast quantity of bodies of animals, chiefly buffaloes, which were there piled up. I consider that this pile must have been formed wholly from the foremost of the mass, and that when formed, it broke the fall of the others, who followed them, as it did our own; indeed, the summit of the heap was pounded into a sort of jelly.

CHAPTER XII.

Two days did we remain in our shelter, to regain our strength and to rest our horses. Thus deeply buried in the bosom of the earth, we were safe from the devastating elements. On the second day we heard tremendous claps of thunder; we knew that a storm was raging which would quench the fire, but we cared little about what was going on above.

We had plenty to eat and to drink, our steeds were recovering fast, and, in spite of the horrors we had just undergone, we were not a little amused by the lamentations of the parson, who, recollecting the destruction of his shirts, forgot his professional duty, and swore against Texas and the Texians, against the prairies,

the buffaloes, and the fire: the last event had produced so deep an impression upon his mind, that he preferred shivering all night by the banks of the torrent to sleeping near our comfortable fire; and as to eating of the delicate food before him, it was out of the question; he would suck it, but not masticate nor swallow it; his stomach and his teeth refused to accomplish their functions upon the abhorred meat, and he solemnly declared that never again would he taste beef—cow or calf—tame or wild—even if he were starving.

One of the lawyers, too, was loud in his complaints, for although born in the States, he had in his veins no few drops of Irish blood, and could not forget the sacrifice Gabriel had made of the whisky. "Such stuff!" he would exclaim, "the best that ever came into this land of abomination, to be thrown in the face of dirty buffaloes! the devil take them! Eh! Monsheer Owato Wanisha,—queer outlandish name, by the bye,—please to pass me

another slice of the varmint (meaning the buffalo-calf). Bless my soul, if I did not think, at one time, it was after the liquor the brutes were running."

Upon the morning of the third day, we resumed our journey, following the stream down for a few miles, over thousands of dead animals, which the now foaming torrent could not wash away. We struck the winding path which the "estampedados" had taken, and as it had been worked by the millions of fugitives into a gentle ascent, we found ourselves, long before noon, once more upon the level of the prairie. What a spectacle of gloom and death! As far as the eye could reach the earth was naked and blackened. Not a stem of grass, not a bush, had escaped the awful conflagration; and thousands of half-burnt bodies of deer, buffaloes, and mustangs covered the prairie in every direction.

The horizon before us was concealed by a high and rugged ridge of the rolling prairie,

towards which we proceeded but slowly, so completely was the track made by the buffaloes choked by burnt bodies of all descriptions of animals. At last we reached the summit of the swell, and perceived that we were upon one of the head branches of the Trinity River, forming a kind of oblong lake, a mile broad, but exceedingly shallow; the bottom was of a hard white sandy formation, and as we crossed this beautiful sheet of clear water, the bottom appeared to be studded with grains of gold and crystals.

This brought round the characteristic elasticity of temper belonging to the Americans, and caused the doctor to give way to his mental speculations:—He would not go to Edinburgh; it was nonsense; here was a fortune made. He would form a company in New York, capital one million of dollars—the Gold, Emerald, Topaz, Sapphire, and Amethyst Association, in ten thousand shares, one hundred dollars apiece. In five years he would be the

richest man in the world; he would build ten cities on the Mississippi, and would give powder and lead to the Comanches for nothing; so that they could at once clear the world of Texians and buffaloes. He had scarcely finished, when we reached the other side of the lake; there we had to pass over a narrow ridge, covered with green bushes, but now torn and trampled down; the herds had passed over there, and the fire had been extinguished by the waters of this "fairy lake," for so we had baptized it. Half an hour more brought us clear out from the cover, and a most strange and unusual sight was presented to our eyes.

On a rich and beautiful prairie, green and red, the wild clover and the roses, and occasionally a plum-tree, varying the hues, were lying prostrate, as far as the eye could reach, hundreds of thousands of animals of all species, some quietly licking their tired limbs, and others extending their necks, without rising, to graze upon the soft grass around them. The sight was

beautiful above all description, and recalled to mind the engravings of the creation affixed to the old bibles. Wolves and panthers were lying but a few paces from a small flock of antelopes; buffaloes, bears, and horses were mixed together, every one of them incapable of moving from the spot on which they had dropped from exhaustion and fatigue.

We passed a large jaguar, glaring fiercely at a calf ten feet from him; on seeing us, he attempted to rise, but, utterly helpless, he bent his body so as to form a circle, concealing his head upon his breast under his huge paws, and uttered a low growl, half menacing, half plaintive. Had we had powder to waste, we would certainly have rid the graminivorous from many of their carnivorous neighbours, but we were now entering a tract of country celebrated for the depredations of the Texians and Buggles free bands, and every charge of powder thrown away was a chance the less, in case of a fight.

As by this time our horses were in want of rest, we took off their saddles, and the poor things feasted better than they had done for a long while. As for us, we had fortunately still a good supply of the cold calf, for we felt a repugnance to cut the throats of any of the poor broken-down creatures before us. Close to us there was a fine noble stag, for which I immediately took a fancy. He was so worn out that he could not even move a few inches to get at the grass, and his dried, parched tongue shewed plainly how much he suffered from the want of water. I pulled up two or three handfuls of clover, which I presented to him, but though he tried to swallow it, he could not.

As there was a water-hole some twenty yards off, I took the doctor's fur cap, and filling it with water, returned to the stag. What an expressive glance! What beautiful eyes! I sprinkled at first some drops upon his tongue, and then, putting the water under his nose, he soon drained it up. My companions became

so much interested with the sufferings of the poor animals, that they took as many of the young fawns as they could, carrying them to the edge of the water-hole, that they might regain their strength and fly away before the wolves could attack them.

Upon my presenting a second capful of water to the stag, the grateful animal licked my hands, and, after having drunk, tried to rise to follow me, but its strength failing, its glances followed me as I was walking to and fro; they spoke volumes; I could understand their meaning. I hate to hear of the superiority of man! Man is ungrateful as a viper, while a horse, a dog, and many others of the "soulless brutes," will never forget a kindness.

I wondered what had become of our three lawyers, who had wandered away without their rifles, and had been more than two hours absent. I was about to propose a search after them when they arrived, with their knives and tomahawks, and their clothes all smeared with

blood. They had gone upon a cruise against the wolves, and had killed the brutes until they were tired and had no more strength to use their arms.

The reader, comfortably seated in his elbow-chair, cannot comprehend the hatred which a prairie traveller nourishes against the wolves. As soon as we found out what these three champions of the wilderness had been about, we resolved to encamp there for the night, that we might destroy as many as we could of these prairie sharks. Broken down as they were, there was no danger attending the expedition, and, tightening on our belts, and securing our pistols, in case of an attack from a recovering panther, we started upon our butchering expedition. On our way we met with some fierce-looking jaguars, which we did not think prudent to attack, so we let them alone, and soon found occupation enough for our knives and tomahawks among a close-packed herd of wolves.

How many of these detested brutes we killed I cannot say, but we did not leave off until our hands had become powerless from exhaustion, and our tomahawks were so blunted as to be rendered of no use. When we left the scene of massacre, we had to pass over a pool of blood ankle-deep, and such was the howling of those who were not quite dead, that the deer and elk were in every direction struggling to rise and fly.* We had been employed more than four hours in our work of destruction, when we returned to the camp, tired and hungry. Roche had picked up a bear-cub, which the doctor skinned and cooked for us while we were taking our round to see how our *protégés* were going on. All those that had been brought up to the water-hole were so far recovered that they were grazing about, and bounded away as soon as we attempted to near them. My stag was grazing also, but he

* The prairie wolf is a very different animal from the common wolf, as will be understood by the reader when I give a description of the animals found in California and Texas.

allowed me to caress him, just as if we had been old friends, and he never left the place until the next morning, when we ourselves started.

The doctor called us for our evening meal, to which we did honour, for, in addition to his wonderful culinary talents, he knew some plants, common in the prairies, which can impart even to a bear's chop a most savoury and aromatic flavour. He was in high glee, as we praised his skill, and so excited did he become, that he gave up his proposal of the "Gold, Emerald, Topaz, Sapphire, and Amethyst Association, in ten thousand shares," and vowed he would cast away his lancet and turn cook in the service of some *bon vivant*, or go to feed the *padres* of a Mexican convent. He boasted that he could cook the toughest old woman, so as to make the flesh appear as white, soft, and sweet as that of a spring chicken; but, upon my proposing to send him, as a *cordon bleu*, to the Cayugas, in West Texas, or among the

Club Indians, of the Colorado of the West, he changed his mind again, and formed new plans for the regeneration of the natives of America.

After our supper, we rode our horses to the lake, to water and bathe them, which duty being performed, we sought that repose which we were doomed not to enjoy; for we had scarcely shut our eyes when a tremendous shower fell upon us, and in a few minutes we were drenched to the skin. The reader may recollect that, excepting Gabriel, we had all of us left our blankets on the spot where we had at first descried the prairie was in flames, so that we were now shivering with cold, and, what was worse, the violence of the rain was such, that we could not keep our fire alive. It was an ugly night, to be sure; but the cool shower saved the panting and thirsty animals, for whose sufferings we had felt so much. All night we heard the deer and antelopes trotting and scampering towards the lake; twice or thrice

the distant roars of the panthers shewed that these terrible animals were quitting our neighbourhood, and the fierce growling of the contending wolves told us plainly that, if they were not strong enough to run, they could at least crawl and prey upon their own dead. It has been asserted that wolves do not prey upon their own species, but it is a mistake, for I have often seen them attacking, tearing, and eating each other.

The warm rays of the morning sun at last dispersed the gloom and clouds of night; deer, elks, and antelopes were all gone, except my own stag, to which I gave a handful of salt, as I had some in my saddle-bags. Some few mustangs and buffaloes were grazing, but the larger portion, extending as far as the eye could reach, were still prostrate on the grass. As to the wolves, either from the greater fatigue they had undergone, or from their being glutted with the blood and flesh of their companions, they seemed stiffer than ever. We

watered our horses, replenished our flasks, and, after a hearty meal upon the cold flesh of the bear, we resumed our journey, to warm ourselves by exercise and dry our clothes, for we were wet to the skin, and benumbed with cold.

The reader may be surprised at these wild animals being in the state of utter exhaustion which I have described; but he must be reminded that, in all probability, this prairie fire had driven them before it for hundreds of miles, and that at a speed unusual to them, and which nothing but a panic could have produced. I think it very probable that the fire ran over an extent of five hundred miles; and my reason for so estimating it is, the exhausted state of the carnivorous animals.

A panther can pass over two hundred miles or more at full speed without great exhaustion; so would a jaguar, or, indeed, an elk.

I do not mean to say that all the animals, as the buffaloes, mustangs, deer, &c., had run

this distance; of course, as the fire rolled on, the animals were gradually collected, till they had formed the astounding mass which I have described, and thousands had probably already perished, long before the fire had reached the prairie where we were encamped; still I have at other times witnessed the extraordinary exertions which animals are capable of when under the influence of fear. At one estampede, I knew some oxen, with their yokes on their necks, to accomplish sixty miles in four hours.

On another occasion, on the eastern shores of the Vermilion Sea, I witnessed an estampede, and, returning twelve days afterwards, I found the animals still lying in every direction on the prairie, although much recovered from their fatigue. On this last occasion, the prairie had been burnt for three hundred miles, from east to west, and there is no doubt but that the animals had estampedoed the whole distance at the utmost of their speed.

Our horses having quite recovered from their past fatigue, we started at a brisk canter, under the beams of a genial sun, and soon felt the warm blood stirring in our veins. We had proceeded about six or seven miles, skirting the edge of the mass of buffaloes reclining on the prairie, when we witnessed a scene which filled us with pity. Fourteen hungry wolves, reeling and staggering with weakness, were attacking a splendid black stallion, which was so exhausted, that he could not get up upon his legs. His neck and sides were already covered with wounds, and his agony was terrible. Now, the horse is too noble an animal not to find a protector in man against such bloodthirsty foes; so we dismounted and despatched the whole of his assailants; but as the poor stallion was wounded beyond all cure, and would indubitably have fallen a prey to another pack of his prairie foes, we also despatched him with a shot of a rifle. It was an act of humanity, but still the destruction of

this noble animal in the wilderness threw a gloom over our spirits. The doctor perceiving this, thought it advisable to enliven us with the following story :—

"All the New York amateurs of oysters know well the most jovial tavern-keeper in the world, old Slick Bradley, the owner of the 'Franklin,' in Pearl-street. When you go to New York, mind to call upon him, and if you have any relish for a cool sangaree, a mint julep, or a savoury oyster-soup, none can make it better than Slick Bradley. Besides, his bar is snug, his little busy wife neat and polite, and if you are inclined to a spree, his private rooms up-stairs are comfortable as can be.

"Old Slick is good-humoured and always laughing; proud of his cellar, of his house, of his wife, and, above all, proud of the sign-post hanging before his door; that is to say, a yellow head of Franklin, painted by some bilious chap, who looked in the glass for a model.

"Now Slick has kept house for more than forty years, and though he has made up a pretty round sum, he don't wish to leave off the business. No! till the day of his death he will remain in his bar, smoking his Havannas, and mechanically playing with the two pocket-books in his deep waistcoat pockets—one for the ten-dollar notes and above, the other for the fives, and under. Slick Bradley is the most independent man in the world; he jokes familiarly with his customers, and besides their bill of fare, he knows how to get more of their money by betting, for betting is the great passion of Slick; he will bet any thing, upon every thing; contradict him in what he says, and down come the two pocket-books under your nose. 'I know better,' he will say, 'dont I? What will you bet—five, ten, fifty, hundred? Tush! you dare not bet, you know you are wrong:' and with an air of superiority and self-satisfaction, he will take

long strides over his well-washed floor, repeating, 'I know better.'

"Slick used once to boast that he had never lost a bet; but since a little incident which made all New York laugh at him, he confesses that he did once meet with his match, for though he certainly won the bet, he had paid the stakes fifty times over. Now, as I heard the circumstance from the jolly landlord himself, here it goes, just as I had it, neither more nor less.

"One day, two smart young fellows entered the 'Franklin;' they alighted from a cab, and were dressed in the tip-top of fashion. As they were new customers, the landlord was all smiles and courtesy, conducted them into saloon No. 1, and making it up in his mind that his guests could be nothing less than Wall-street superfines, he resolved that they should not complain of his fare.

"A splendid dinner was served to them,

with sundry bottles of old wines and choice Havannas, and the worthy host was reckoning in his mind all the items he could decently introduce in the bill, when ding, ding, went the bell, and away he goes upstairs, capering, jumping, smiling, and holding his two hands before his bow-window in front.

"'Eh, old Slick,' said one of the sparks, 'capital dinner, by Jove; good wine, fine cigars; plenty of customers, eh!'

"Slick winked; he was in all his glory, proud and happy.

"'Nothing better in life than a good dinner,' resumed the spark No. 1; 'some eat only to live—they are fools; I live only to eat, that is the true philosophy. Come, old chap, let us have your bill, and mind, make it out as for old customers, for we intend to return often; don't we?'

"This last part of the sentence was addressed to spark No. 2, who, with his legs

comfortably over the corner of the table, was picking his teeth with his fork.

"'I shall, by jingo!' slowly drawled out No. 2, 'dine well here! d—d comfortable; nothing wanted but the Champagne.'

"'Lord, Lord! gentlemen,' exclaimed Slick, 'why did you not say so? Why, I have the best in town.'

"'Faith, have you?' said No. 1, smacking his lips; 'now, have you the real genuine stuff? Why then bring a bottle, landlord, and you must join us; bring three glasses; by Jove, we will drink your health.'

"When Slick returned, he found his customers in high glee, and so convulsive was their merriment, that they were obliged to hold their sides. Slick laughed too, yet losing no time; in a moment, he presented the gentlemen with the sparkling liquor. They took their glasses, drank his health, and then recommenced their mirth.

" ' And so you lost the wager?' asked No. 2.

" ' Yes, by Heaven, I paid the hundred dollars, and, what was worse, was laughed at by every body.'

" Slick was sadly puzzled, the young men had been laughing, they were now talking of a bet, and he knew nothing of it. He was mightily inquisitive; and knowing, by experience, that wine opens the heart and unlooses the tongue, he made an attempt to ascertain the cause of the merriment.

" ' I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if I make too bold; but please, what was the subject of the wager the recollection of which puts you in so good humour?'

" ' I'll tell you,' exclaimed No. 1, ' and you will see what a fool I have made of myself. You must know that it is impossible to follow the pendulum of the clock with the hand, and to repeat " Here she goes—there she goes," just as it swings to and fro, that is, when people are talking all round you, as it puts you out.

One day I was with a set of jolly fellows in a dining-room, with a clock just like this in your room; the conversation fell upon the difficulty of going on "Here she goes," and "there she goes," for half an hour, without making a mistake. Well, I thought it was the easiest thing in the world, to do it: and, upon my saying so, I was defied to do it: the consequence was a bet of a hundred dollars, and, having agreed that they could talk to me as much as they pleased, but not touch me, I posted myself before the clock and went on—"Here she goes, there she goes," while some of my companions began singing, some shouting, and some laughing. Well, after three minutes, I felt that the task was much more difficult than I had expected; but yet I went on, till I heard somebody saying, "As I am alive, there is Miss Reynolds walking arm in arm with that lucky dog, Jenkins." Now you must know, landlord, that Miss Reynolds was my sweetheart, and Jenkins my greatest enemy, so I rushed to the window to

see if it was true, and at that moment a roar of laughter announced to me that I had lost the bet.'

"Now Slick Bradley, as I have said, was very fond of betting. Moreover, he prided himself not a little upon his self-command, and as he had not any mistress to be jealous of, as soon as the gentleman had finished his story, he came at once to the point.

"'Well,' said he, 'you lost the wager, but it don't signify. I think myself, as you did, that it is the easiest thing in the world. I am sure I could do it half an hour, aye, and an hour too."

"The gentlemen laughed, and said they knew better, and the now-excited host proposed, if the liberty did not offend them, to make any bet that he could do it for half an hour. At first they objected, under the plea that they would not like to win his money, as they were certain he had no chance, but upon his insisting, they consented to bet twenty

dollars; and Slick, putting himself face to face with his great grandfather's clock, began following the pendulum with his hand, repeating 'Here she goes, there she goes.'

"The two gentlemen discovered many wonderful things through the window: first a sailor had murdered a woman, next the stage had just capsized, and afterwards they were sure that the shop next door was on fire. Slick winked and smiled complacently, without leaving his position. He was too old a fox to be taken by such childish tricks. All at once, No. 2 observed to No. 1, that the bet would not keep good, as the stakes had not been laid down, and both addressed the host at the same time. 'Not cunning enough for me,' thought Slick, and poking his left hand into the right pocket of his waistcoat, he took out his pocket-book containing the larger notes, and handed it to his customers.

"'Now,' exclaimed No. 2 to his companion, 'I am sure you will lose the wager;

the fellow is imperturbable; nothing can move him.'

"'Wait a bit; I'll soon make him leave off,' whispered the other loud enough for Slick to hear him.

"'Landlord,' continued he, 'we trust to your honour to go on for half an hour; we will now have a talk with bonny Mrs. Slick.' Saying this, they quitted the room without closing the door.

"Slick was not jealous. Not he; besides, the bar was full of people; it was all a trick of the gents, who were behind the door watching him. After all they were but novices, and he would win their money, he only regretted that the bet had not been heavier.

"Twenty minutes had fairly passed, when Slick's own little boy entered the room. 'Pa,' said he, 'there is a gemman what wants you below in the bar.'

"'Another trick,' thought the landlord; 'they shan't have me, though—Here she goes,

there she goes.' And as the boy approached near to him to repeat his errand, Slick gave him a kick. 'Get away—Here she goes, there she goes.'

"The boy went away crying, and soon returned with Mrs. Slick, who cried, in an angry tone, 'Now don't make a fool of yourself; the gentleman you sold the town-lot to is below with the money.'

"'They shan't have me though,' said Slick to himself. And to all the invectives and reproaches of Mrs. Slick he answered only with, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' At last the long needle marked the half hour; and the landlord, having won the wager, turned round.

"'Where are they?' said he to his wife.

"'They; who do you mean?' answered she.

"'The two gentlemen, to be sure.'

"'Why, they have been gone these last twenty minutes.'

"Slick was thunderstruck, 'and the pocket-book?' he uttered, convulsively.

"His wife looked at him with ineffable contempt.

"'Why, you fool, you did not give them your money, did you?'

"Slick soon discovered that he was minus five hundred dollars, besides the price of the two dinners. Since that time he never bets but cash down, and in the presence of witnesses."

CHAPTER XIII.

We continued our route for a few days, after we had left the buffaloes, and had now turned our horses' heads due east. Having left behind the localities frequented by the wild herds, we soon became exposed to the cravings of hunger. Now and then we would fall in with a prairie hen, a turkey, or a few rattlesnakes, but the deer and antelopes were so shy, that though we could see them sporting at a distance, we could never come within a mile of them.

The ground was level, and the grass, although short, was excellent pasture, and richly enamelled with a variety of flowers. It was a

beautiful country. We had fine weather during the day, but the nights were exceedingly cold, and the dew heavy. Having lost our blankets, we passed miserable nights. There was no fuel with which we could light our fire; even the dung of animals was so scarce, that we could not, during seven days, afford to cook our scanty meals more than thrice, and the four last grouse that we killed were eaten raw.

About the middle of the eighth day, a dark line was seen rising above the horizon, far in the south-east, and extending as far as the eye could reach. We knew it was a forest, and that when we gained it, we were certain of having plenty to eat; but it was very far off, at least twenty miles, and we were much exhausted. In the evening we were almost driven to desperation by hunger, and we found that the approach to the forest would prove long and difficult, as it was skirted by a bed of thick briars and prickly pears, which in breadth, could not be less than three leagues,

and that a passage must be forced through this almost impassable barrier. The forest was undoubtedly the commencement of that extended line of noble timber which encircles, as a kind of natural barrier, the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri. By reaching it, we should soon leave privation and fatigue behind us, whereas, on the contrary, travelling to the north, would have added to our sufferings, as the same level and untenanted prairie extended to the very shores of the Red River. We consequently determined to force our way through the thorns and briars, even if we were obliged to cut a road with our knives and tomahawks. We journeyed on till sunset, when we came to a deep dry gully, on the very edge of the prickly pear barrier, and there we encamped for the night. To go farther without something to eat was impossible. The wild and haggard looks of my companions, their sunken eyes, and sallow, fleshless faces, too plainly shewed that some subsistence must

be speedily provided more nutritious than the unripe and strongly acidulated fruit presented to us. We drew lots, and the parson's horse was doomed; in a few minutes, his hide was off, and a part of the flesh distributed.

The meat of a young mustang is excellent, but that of an old broken-down horse is quite another affair. It was as tough as India-rubber, and the more a piece of it was masticated, the larger it became in the mouth. A man never knows what he can eat until driven to desperation by a week's starving, and the jolly parson, who had pledged himself never to eat even calf's meat, fiercely attacked the leathery remains of his faithful ambler.

The next morning we directed our steps in a south course, and crossing the gully, we entered in what appeared to be a passage, or a bear's path, through the prickly pears; but after travelling some six or eight miles, we found our further progress cut off by a deep and precipitous chasm, lined with impassable

briars. To return was our only alternative, and at noon we again found ourselves near to the point from whence we had started in the morning.

A consultation was now held as to our future course. The lawyers and Roche proposed to go farther south, and make another attempt, but recollecting, that on the morning of the preceding day we had passed a large, though shallow, sandy stream, Gabriel and I thought it more advisable to return to it. This stream was evidently one of the tributaries of the Red River, and was running in an easterly direction, and we were persuaded that it must flow through the chasm, and enter into the forest.

Our proposal was agreed to, and without any more loss of time, each of us taking with him a piece of horse flesh, we retraced our steps. The parson was on foot, and although I proposed many times that we should ride alternately, he always refused, preferring now to travel on foot, as he was heartily tired of

riding. Indeed, I never saw a better walker in my life; the man had evidently mistaken his profession, for he would have gained more money with his legs as an Indian runner, or a scout, than he had any chance of obtaining in the one to which he belonged, and for which he was most unqualified.

The next day, at noon, we encamped on the stream, and though with little hope of success, I threw in my fishing line, bating my hook with horse-flies and grasshoppers. My hooks had scarcely sunk in the water, when the bait was taken, and, to my astonishment and delight, I soon dragged out of the water two very large trout. I shouted to my companions, who were soon round me, and we resolved to pass the night there, as we considered that a good meal or two would enable us so much better to continue our fatiguing journey. A little above us was also discovered a large quantity of drift timber, left dry upon the sand, and in a short time every one of us were

actively employed in preparing for a jovial meal. Gabriel, being the best marksman, started for game, and I continued fishing, to the great delight of the doctor and the parson, the first one taking under his care the cooking department, and the last scouring the prairie to catch grasshoppers and horse-flies. In less than three hours I had twenty large trout, and a dozen cat-fish, and Gabriel returned with two Canadian geese. Invigorated by an abundant meal and a warm fire, we soon regained our spirits, and that night we slept sound, and made up for our former watching and shivering.

The next morning, after breakfast, we filled our saddle-bags with the remainder of our provisions, and following the stream for ten miles, with water to our horses' shoulders, as both sides of the river were covered with briers. The parson had been obliged to ride behind one of the lawyers, who had a strong-built,

powerful horse; and great was our merriment when one of our steeds stumbled into a hole, and brought down his master with him. For nine miles more we continued wading down the river, till at last the prickly pears and briers receding from the banks, allowed us once more to regain the dry ground; but we had not travelled an hour upon the bank, when our road was intercepted by a broken range of hills.

After incredible fatigue to both horses and men, for we were obliged to dismount and carry our arms and saddle-bags, the ascent was finally achieved. When we arrived at the summit, we found below us a peaceful and romantic valley, through the centre of which the river winded its way, and was fed by innumerable brooks, which joined it in every direction. Their immediate borders were fringed with small trees, bushes of the deepest green, while the banks of the river were skirted with a nar-

row belt of timber, of larger and more luxuriant growth.

This valley was encircled by the range of hills we had ascended, as far as to the belt of the forest. We led our horses down the declivity, and in less than an hour found ourselves safe at the bottom. A brisk ride of three or four miles through the valley brought us to the edge of the forest, where we encamped near a small creek, and after another good night's rest, we pushed on through a mass of the noblest maple and pine trees I had ever seen. Now game abounded; turkeys, bears, and deer, were seen almost every minute, and, as we advanced, the traces of mules and jackasses were plainly visible. A little further on, the foot prints of men were also discovered, and from their appearance they were but a few hours' old. This sight made us forget our fatigues, and we hurried on, with fond anticipations of finding a speedy termination to all our sufferings.

Late in the afternoon, I killed a very fat buck, and although we were anxious to follow the tracks, to ascertain what description of travellers were before us, our horses were so tired, and our appetites so sharpened, that upon reflection, we thought it desirable to remain where we were. I took this opportunity of making myself a pair of mocassins, with the now useless saddle-bags of the parson.

That evening we were in high glee, thinking that we had arrived at one of the recent settlements of western emigration, for, as I have observed, we had seen tracks of jackasses, and these animals are never employed upon any distant journey. We fully expected the next morning to find some log houses, within ten or fifteen miles, where we should be able to procure another horse for the parson, and some more ammunition, as we had scarcely half a pound of balls left between us. The lawyer enjoyed, by anticipation, the happiness of once more filling his half-gallon flask, and the doc-

tor promised to give us dishes of his own invention, as soon as he could meet with a frying-pan. In fine, so exuberant were our spirits, that it was late before we laid down to sleep.

At about two o'clock in the morning, feeling a pressure upon my breast, I opened my eyes, and saw Gabriel with a finger upon his lips, enjoining me to silence. He then informed me, in a whisper, that a numerous party of thieves were in our neighbourhood, and that they had already discovered our horses. Taking with us only our knives and tomahawks, we crawled silently till we came to a small opening in the forest, when we saw some twenty fellows encamped, without any light or fire, but all armed to the teeth. Three or four of them appeared animated in their conversation, and, being favoured by the darkness, we approached nearer, till we were able to hear every word.

"All sleeping sound," said one of them, "but looking mighty wretched; not a cent

among them, I am sure; and, if I can judge by their clothing, three of them are half-breeds."

"And the horses?" said another voice.

"Why, as to them, they have only seven," replied the first voice, "and they are broken down and tired, although fine animals. They would sell well after a three weeks' grazing."

"Take them away, then; are they tied?"

"Only two."

"Break the halters then, and start them full speed, as if they were frightened; it will not awaken their suspicion."

"Why not settle the matter with them all at once? we would get their saddles."

"Fool! suppose they are a vanguard of General Rusk's army, and one of them should escape? No; to-morrow at sunrise they will run upon the tracks of their horses, and leave their saddles and saddle-bags behind; three men shall remain here, to secure the plunder, and when the ducks (travellers) are fairly en-

tangled in the forest, being on foot, we can do what we please."

Others then joined the conversation, and Gabriel and I returned to our friends as silently as we had left them. Half an hour afterwards, we heard the galloping of our horses, in a southerly direction, and Gabriel going once more to reconnoitre, perceived the band taking another course, towards the east, leaving, as they had proposed, three of their men behind them. For a few minutes he heard these men canvassing as to the best means of carrying the saddles, and having drank pretty freely from a large stone jug, they wrapped themselves in their blankets, and crawled into a sort of burrow, which had probably been dug out by the brigands, as a cachette for their provisions and the booty which they could not conveniently carry.

By the conversation of the three fellows, Gabriel conjectured that the band had gone to a place of rendezvous, on the bank of some river,

and that the party who had carried away our horses was to proceed only six miles south, to a stream where the track of the horses would be effaced and lost in case of our pursuit. As soon as they considered that we were far enough from our encampment, they were to return by another road, and rejoin the three men left behind. Gabriel conjectured that only four men had gone away with the horses. After a little consultation, we awoke our comrades, and explaining to them how matters stood, we determined upon a counterplot.

It was at first proposed to shoot the three scoundrels left for our saddle-bags, but reflecting that they were better acquainted than we were with the locality, and that the report of one of their fire-arms would excite the suspicion of those who had charge of our horses, we determined upon another line of conduct. Before daylight, I took my bow and arrows, and succeeded in reaching a secure position, a few yards from the burrow where the thieves

were concealed. Gabriel did the same, in a bush, half way between the burrow and our encampment. In the meantime, Roche, with the five Americans, played their part admirably—walking near to the burrow, swearing that our horses had been frightened by some varmint and escaped, and started upon the tracks, with as much noise as they could make; to deceive the robbers the more, they left their rifles behind.

As soon as they were gone, the thieves issued from their places of concealment, and one arming himself with his rifle, "went," as he said, "to see if the coast was clear." He soon returned with two of our rifles and a blazing piece of wood, and the worthies began laughing together at the success of their *ruse*. They lighted a fire, took another dram, and while one busied himself with preparing coffee, the other two started, with no other weapon but their knives, to fetch the saddle-bags and saddles.

They had not been gone five minutes, when I perceived an enormous rattlesnake, ready to spring, at not half a yard from me. Since my snake adventure among the Comanches, I had imbibed the greatest dread of that animal, and my alarm was so great, that I rushed out of my concealment, and, at a single bound, found myself ten yards from the fellow, who was quietly blowing his fire and stirring his coffee. He arose immediately, made two steps backwards, and, quite unnerved by so sudden an apparition, he extended his hand towards a tree, against which the rifles had been placed.

That movement decided his fate, for not choosing to be shot at, nor to close with a fellow so powerful that he could have easily crushed my head between his thumb and finger, I drew at him; though rapid, my aim was certain, and he fell dead, without uttering a single word, the arrow having penetrated his heart. I then crawled to Gabriel, to whom I explained the matter, and left him, to take my

station near the two remaining brigands. I found them busy searching the saddle-bags and putting aside what they wished to secrete for their own use.

After they had been thus employed for half an hour, one of them put three saddles upon his head, and, thus loaded, returned to the burrow, desiring his companion to come along, and drink his coffee while it was hot. Some five minutes afterwards, the noise of a heavy fall was heard (it was that of the thief who had just left, who was killed by the tomahawk of Gabriel), and the remaining robber, loading himself with the saddle-bags, prepared to follow, swearing aloud against his companion, "who could not see before his eyes, and would break the pommels of the saddles."

I had just drawn my bow, and was taking my aim, when Gabriel, passing me, made a signal to forbear, and rushing upon the thief, he kicked him in the back, just as he was balancing the saddles upon his head. The

thief fell down, and attempted to struggle, but the prodigious muscular strength of Gabriel was too much for him; in a moment he laid half-strangled and motionless. We bound him firmly hand and foot, and carried him to his burrow; we laid the two bodies by his side, stowed our luggage in the burrow, and having destroyed all traces of the struggle, we prepared for the reception of the horse-thieves.

Chance befriended us. While we were drinking the coffee thus left as a prize to the conquerors, we heard at a distance the trampling of horses. I seized one of the rifles, and Gabriel, after a moment of intense listening, prepared his lasso, and glided behind the bushes. It was not long before I perceived my own horse, who having undoubtedly thrown his rider, was galloping back to the camp. He was closely pursued by one of the rascals, mounted upon Gabriel's horse, and calling out to the three robbers, "Stop him; Russy, Carlton—stop him!" At that moment, Gabriel's

lasso fell upon his shoulders, and he fell off the horse as dead as if struck by lightning: his neck was broken.

Having gained our horses, we saddled them, and took our rifles, not doubting but that we would easily capture the remaining rascals, as the speed of our two steeds was very superior to that of the others. After half an hour's hard riding, we fell in with Roche and our companions, who had been equally fortunate. It appeared that the fellow who had been riding my horse had received a severe fall against a tree; and while one of his companions started in chase of the animal, who had galloped off, the two others tied their horses to the trees, and went to his assistance. When thus occupied, they were surprised, and bound hand and foot by Roche and his party.

We brought back our prisoners, and when we arrived at the burrow, we found that, far from having lost any thing by the robbers, we had, on the contrary, obtained articles which

we wanted. One of the lawyers found in the stone jug enough of whisky to fill his flask; the parson got another rifle, to replace that which he had lost in the prairie, and the pouches and powder-horns of the three first robbers were found well supplied with powder and balls. We also took possession of four green Mackinau blankets and a bag of ground coffee.

We heartily thanked Providence, who had thrown the rascals in our way, and after a good meal, we resumed our journey in a southern direction, each of the three lawyers leading, by a stout rope, one of the brigands, who were gagged and their hands firmly bound behind their backs. During the whole day, the parson amused himself with preaching honesty and morality to our prisoners, who seeing now that they had not the least chance to escape, walked briskly alongside of the horses.

Towards evening we encamped in one of those plains, a mile in circumference, which are so frequently met with in the forests of the

west. We had performed a journey of twenty miles, and that with the forced ride which our beasts had performed in the morning, had quite tired them out. Besides, having now four men on foot, we could not proceed so fast as before. We lighted a fire and fed our prisoners, putting two of them in the centre of our circles, while the two others, who were much bruised by their falls of the morning, took their station near the fire, and we covered them with a blanket. Though we believed we had nothing to fear from our prisoners, the two first being bound hand and foot, and the two last being too weak to move, we nevertheless resolved that a watch should be kept, and as Gabriel and I had not slept during the night before, we appointed Roche to keep the first watch.

When I awoke, I felt chilly, and to my astonishment I perceived that our fire was down. I rose and looked immediately for the prisoners. The two that we had put within our circle

were still snoring heavily, but the others, whose feet we had not bound on account of their painful bruises, were gone. I looked for the watch, and found that it was one of the lawyers, who having drank too freely of the whisky, had fallen asleep. The thieves had left the blanket; I touched it, I perceived that it was yet warm, so that I knew they could not have been gone a long while.

The day was just breaking, and I awoke my companions; the lawyer was much ashamed of himself, and offered the humblest apologies, and as a proof of his repentance, he poured on the ground the remainder of the liquor in his flask. As soon as Gabriel and Roche were up, we searched in the grass for the foot-prints, which we were not long in finding, and which conducted us straight to the place where we had left our horses loose and grazing. Then, for the first time, we perceived that the horses which were shod, and which belonged to the three lawyers, had had their shoes taken off,

when in possession of the thieves the day before.

By the foot-prints, multiplied in every direction, it was evident that the fugitives had attempted, though in vain, to seize upon some of our horses. Following the foot-marks a little farther, brought us to a small sandy creek, where the track was lost; and on the other side, to our great astonishment, we saw plainly (at least the appearance seemed to imply as much), that help had been at hand, and that the thieves had escaped upon a tall American horse, ambling so lightly, that the four shoes of the animal were comparatively but feebly marked on the ground. It seemed, also, that the left foreleg of the animal had been at some time hurt, for the stopping was not regular, being sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, and now and then deviating two or three inches from the line.

I thought immediately that we had been discovered by another roving party of the bri-

gands, and that they had gone to get a reinforcement to overpower us, but upon a closer examination of the track, I came at once to the solution of the mystery. I remarked that on the print left by the shoes, the places upon which the head of the nails should have pressed deeper, were, on the contrary, convex, the shoes were, therefore, not fixed by nails; and my suspicions being awakened, I soon spied upon a soft sandy spot, through which the track passed, that there was something trailing from the left hind foot, and I satisfied myself that this last slight mark was made by a piece of twine. A little afterwards I remarked that on the softer parts of the ground, and two or three inches behind and before the horse-shoe prints, were two circular impressions, which I ascertained to be the heel and the toe marks left by a man's mocassins.

The mystery was revealed. We had never searched our prisoners, one of whom must have had some of the shoes taken off the horses,

which shoes, in these districts, are very valuable, as they cannot be replaced. Having tried in vain to catch some of our horses, they had washed out the tracks in the creek, and had fixed the horse-shoes to their own feet with pieces of twine; after which, putting themselves in a line at the required distance one from the other, they had started off, both with the same foot, imitating thus the pacing of a swift horse.

The plan was cunning enough, and proved that the blackguards were no *novices* in their profession, but they had not yet sufficiently acquired that peculiar tact natural to savage life. Had they been Indians, they would have fixed small pieces of wood into the holes of the shoe to imitate the nails, and they would then have escaped. We returned to the camp to arm ourselves, and the lawyers, wishing to recover our confidence, entreated that they might be permitted to chase and recapture the fellows. At noon they returned quite exhausted,

but they had been successful; the prisoners were now bound hand and foot, and also tied by the waist to a young pine, which we felled for the purpose. It was useless to travel further on that day, as the lawyers' horses were quite blown, and having now plenty of ammunition, some of us went in pursuit of turkeys and pheasants, for a day or two's provision. All my efforts to obtain information from the prisoners were vain. To my inquiries as to what direction lay the settlements, I received no answer.

Towards evening, as we were taking our meal, we were visited by a band of dogs, who, stopping ten yards from us, began to bark most furiously. Thinking at first they belonged to the band of robbers, who employed them to follow travellers, we hastily seized our arms and prepared for a fight, but Gabriel asserting the dogs were a particular breed belonging to the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks,

and other tribes of half-civilised Indians, established upon the Red River, we began shouting and firing our rifles, so as to guide towards us the Indians, whom we presumed could not be far behind their dogs. We did not wait long, for a few minutes afterwards a gallant band of eighty Cherokees dashed through the cover and reigned up their horses before us. All was explained in a moment.

A system of general depredation had been carried on, for a long while with impunity, upon the plantations above the great bend of the Red River. The people of Arkansas accused the Texians, who, in their turn, asserted that the parties were Indians. Governor Yell, of the Arkansas, complained to Ross, the highly-talented chief of the Cherokees, who answered that the robbers were Arkansas men and Texians, and, as a proof of his assertion, he ordered a band to scour the country, until they had fallen in with and captured the de-

predators. For the last two days, they had been following some tracks, till their dogs, having crossed the trail left by the lawyers and their prisoners, guided the warriors to our encampments.

We gave them all our prisoners, whom we were very glad to get rid of, and the Indian leader generously ordered one of his men to give up his horse and saddle to the parson. To this, however, we would not consent, unless we paid for the animal; and each of us subscribing ten dollars, we presented the money to the man, who certainly did not loose by the bargain.

The next morning, the leader of the Cherokee party advised me to take a southern direction, till we should arrive at the head waters of the river Sabine, from whence, proceeding either northward or eastward, we should, in a few days, reach the Red River, through the canebrakes and the clearings of

the new settlers. Before parting, the Indians made us presents of pipes and tobacco, of which we were much in want, and after a hearty breakfast, we resumed our journey.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Cherokee Indians, a portion of whom we had just met on such friendly terms, are probably destined to act no inconsiderable part in the future history of Texas. Within the last few years, they have given a severe lesson to the governments of both Texas and the United States. The reader is already aware that, through a mistaken policy, the government of Washington have removed from several southern states those tribes of half-civilized Indians which indubitably were the most honourable and industrious portion of the population of these very states. The Cherokees, the Creeks, and the Choctaws, among others, were esta-

blished on the northern banks of the Red River, in the territory west of the Arkansas.

The Cherokees, with a population of twenty-four thousand individuals; the Creeks, with twenty thousand, and the Choctaws, with fifteen, as soon as they reached their new country, applied themselves to agriculture, and as they possessed wealth, slaves, and cattle, their cotton plantations soon became the finest west from the Mississippi, and latterly all the cotton grown by the Americans and the Texians, within one hundred miles from the Indian settlements, has been brought up to their mills and presses, to be cleaned and put into bales, before it was shipped to New Orleans. Some years before the Independence of Texas, a small number of these Cherokees had settled as planters upon the Texian territory, where, by their good conduct and superior management of their farms, they had acquired great wealth, and had conciliated the good will of the warlike tribes of Indians around them, such

as the Cushates, the Caddoes, and even the Comanches.

As soon as the Texians declared their independence, their rulers, thinking that no better population could exist in the northern districts than that of the Cherokees, invited a few hundred more to come from the Red River, and settle among them; and to engage them so to do, the first session of congress offered them a grant of two or three hundred thousand acres of land, to be selected by them in the district they would most prefer. Thus enticed, hundreds of wealthy Cherokee planters migrated to Texas, with their wealth and cattle. Such was the state of affairs until the presidency of Lamar, a man utterly unequal to the task of ruling over a new country.

Under his government, the Texians, no longer restrained by the energy and honourable feelings of an Austin or a Houston, followed the bent of their dispositions, and were guilty of acts of barbarism and cruelty which, had they,

at the time, been properly represented to the civilized people of Europe, would have caused them to blot the name of Texas out of the list of nations.

I have already related the massacre of the Comanches in San Antonio, and the miserable pilfering-expedition to Santa Fé, but these two acts had been preceded by one still more disgraceful.

The Cherokees, who had migrated to Texas, were flourishing in their new settlement, when the bankruptcy of the merchants in the United States was followed by that of the planters. The consequence was, that from Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Arkansas, hundreds of planters smuggled their negroes and other property into Texas, and as they dared not locate themselves too far west, from their dread of the Mexicans and Indians, they remained in the east country, upon the rivers of which only, at that time, navigation had been attempted.

These new comers, however, had to struggle with many difficulties; they had to clear the ground, to build bridges, to dry up mud-holes and swamps; and, moreover, they found that they could not enter into competition with the Cherokees, who having been established there for a longer time, and raising abundant crops of maize, cotton, and tobacco, were enabled to sell their provisions at one-half the price which the white planter wished to realize. The Europeans, of course, preferred to settle near the Cherokees, from whom they could obtain their Indian corn at fifty cents a bushel, while the American planters demanded two dollars and sometimes three. In a short time, the Cherokee district became thickly settled, possessing good roads, and bridges and ferries upon every muddy creek; in short, it was, in civilization, full a century ahead of all the other eastern establishments of Texas.

The Texian planters from the United States represented to the government that they would

have no chance of cultivating the country and building eastern cities, as long as the Cherokees were allowed to remain; and, moreover, they backed their petition with a clause shewing that the minimum price the Cherokee land would be sold at to new comers from the United States was ten dollars an acre. This last argument prevailed, and in spite of the opposition of two or three honest men, the greedy legislators attacked the validity of the acts made during the former presidency; the Cherokees' grant was recalled, and notice given to them that they should forthwith give up their plantations and retire from Texas.

To this order, the Cherokees did not deign to give an answer, and, aware of the character of the Texians, they never attempted to appeal for justice; but, on the contrary, prepared themselves to defend their property from any invasion. Seeing them so determined, the Texians' ardour cooled a little, and they offered the Indians twelve cents an acre for their land,

which proposition was not attended to; and probably the Cherokees, from the fear which they inspired, would never have been molested had it not been for an act of the greatest cowardice on the part of the Texian government, and a most guilty indifference on that of the United States.

In Alabama, Tennesse, and Arkansas, labour had fallen so low, that thousands of individuals had abandoned their farms to become horse thieves and negro smugglers. Many among them had gone to sell the produce of their depredations to the Cherokees, who not only did not condescend to deal with them, but punished them with rigour, subjecting them to their own code of laws. These ruffians nurtured plans of vengeance which they dared not themselves execute, but, knowing the greedy spirit of their countrymen, they spread the most incredible stories of Cherokee wealth and comforts. The plan succeeded well, for as soon as the altercation between

the Texians and Cherokee Indians was made known to the Western States, several bands were immediately formed, who, in the expectation of a rich booty, entered Texas, and offered the Congress to drive away the Cherokees. As soon as this was known, representations were made by honourable men to the government of the United States, but no notice was taken, and the Western States, probably to get rid at once of the scum of their population, gave every encouragement to the expedition.

For a few months the Cherokees invariably discomfited their invaders, destroying their bands as soon as they were newly formed, and treating them as common robbers; but, being farmers, they could not fight and cultivate their ground at the same time, and they now thought of abandoning so unhospitable a land; the more so as, discovering that the Cherokees were more than a match for them in the field, a system of incendiarism and plunder was resorted to, which proved

more disastrous to the Cherokees than the previous open warfare.

The Cherokees wisely reflected, that as long as the inhabitants of the Western States would entertain the hope of plunder and booty, they would constantly pour upon them their worthless population. They, therefore, destroyed their farms and their bridges; and, collecting their horses and cattle, they retreated upon the Red River among their own people. The Cherokee campaign is a topic of much boasting among the Texians, as they say they expelled the Indians from their country; but a fact, which they are not anxious to publish, is, that for every Cherokee killed, twenty Texians bit the dust.

Since that period the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Creeks have had several war councils, and I doubt not that they are only waiting for an opportunity to retaliate, and will eventually sweep off the entire eastern population of Texas.

The fact is, that a democratic form of government is powerless when the nation is so utterly depraved. Austin, the father of Texian colonization, quitted the country in disgust. Houston, whose military talents and well-known courage obtained for him the presidency, has declared his intention to do the same, and to retire to the United States, to follow up his original profession of a lawyer. Such is the demoralized state of Texas at the present moment; what it may hereafter be is in the womb of Time.

END OF VOL. II.

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